

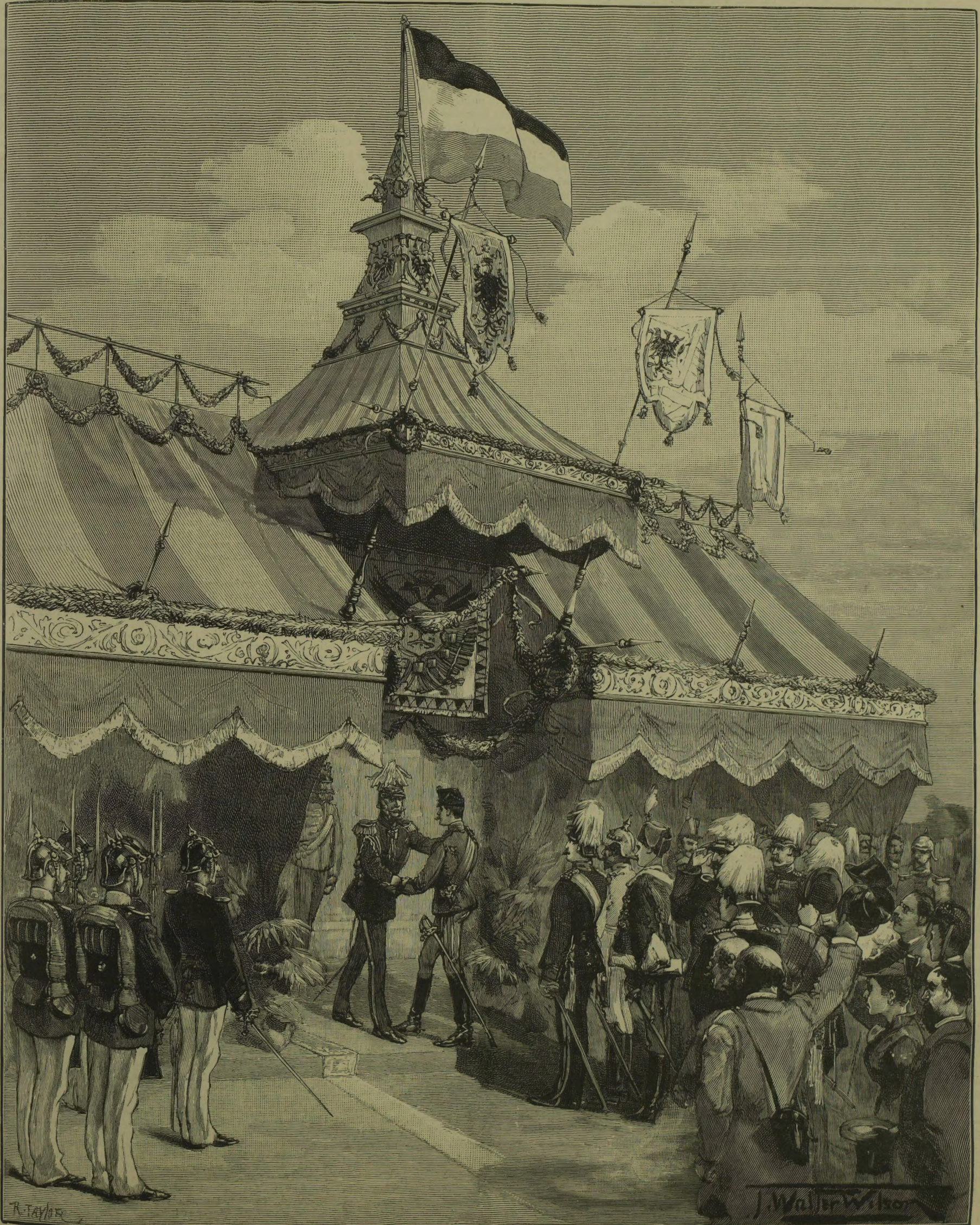
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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MEETING OF THE EMPERORS OF GERMANY AND AUSTRIA AT ROHNSTOCK, IN SILESIA.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

One is glad to see that a Judge has been found with the courage to check that impulse to do mischief which has become so common, because those who are moved by it feel pretty confident that they will be found irresponsible for their actions—not mad, because that would involve the inconvenience of being shut up—but “the victims of an uncontrollable impulse.” It is noticeable that this impulse is never a good one, and always means damage to a fellow-creature, with immunity to the offender himself. If it is madness, there is a good deal of method in it. The soldier who loaded his rifle and, “not meaning any harm,” fired at the first civilian who came within range, is much sympathised with because he has got three months’ imprisonment, with hard labour; but it seems to me, on the contrary, that this tariff for attempt to murder is extremely moderate, and might, with advantage to the community, be even raised a little. The doctor, indeed, was of opinion that, though perfectly sober, the offender was not responsible for his actions on that particular evening. He did not know what he was doing when he loaded his rifle, or when he fired it off. Then let us hope he will not know what he is doing when engaged in the much less exciting occupation of picking oakum. What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander. On the same day that this impulsive warrior was martyred, two men were brought up for killing two girls by presenting guns at them. About one person a week is murdered in this way—for fun.” The defence is not idiocy, because these people always say “they thought the gun was not loaded”; but it is surely high time to apply the same remedy as in the case of the “irresponsible” sentry. If we punish those who play “the confidence trick” when mere property is concerned, how much more ought we to do so when human life is involved in the transaction!

Instead of the individual “withering” and “the world”—that is, the general public—being more and more, as the poet looked forward to, exactly the reverse has taken place. The public good is nowhere as compared with that of the individual. If the gasman is discontented, by all means, we hasten to say, let London be put in darkness; if the policeman grumbles, let the thieves do their worst to us till his demands are satisfied; if the postman is put out, let correspondence cease and commerce die. It is quite remarkable that the people who try to upset express trains—and who have, no doubt, their private wrongs—have not as yet had their admirers; and, what is most strange of all, this way of looking at things is supposed to be democratic. But, under the democracies of old, “none were for a party, but all were for the State,” and the one thing that was to be guarded against was “any hurt to the Republic.”

There is to be no more home-brewed ale, it seems—and a good job too. It was a thing of which the makers were very proud, but on insufficient grounds: even when it was a success it was not brilliant, and when it was not a success one still had to drink it. Similarly, great praise is given to home-made bread, though it must be owned that it has a very unpleasant habit of being stale. But perhaps the greatest impostor of all home-made productions is marmalade. “You must taste our home-made marmalade,” says the generous hostess, and of course you are obliged to do it. Sometimes, as with a Blue Point oyster, one has the good fortune to find it tasteless, but generally the acceptance of this invitation is a severe test of politeness. I believe that a penny a pot is saved by making this delicacy at home. Of course you may buy filthy marmalades, but not twice at the same shop, and there are now several good brands to choose from. What really used to enjoy a deserved supremacy was home-made jam; but this has been swept away by the method of potting the whole fruit. What one used to buy had a medicinal flavour about it that reminded one of the reward that followed upon one taking a powder “like a man” in infancy. The same sort of prejudice in favour of home manufacture exists in favour of the asparagus “out of one’s own garden,” which is often green enough, but of a very attenuated character. It makes a good soup, but it is really not worth while to run the risk of dislocating your neck by taking it as the Neapolitan takes his macaroni. Another delusion is the home-grown lettuce, which finds its rival in the gingham or green umbrella. All these things are better bought, if you know the right shop to buy them at.

It is dreadful to note that even vegetarians quarrel among themselves: they do not “in their little nests agree,” but exhibit a strong desire to tip each other over. A market garden, so far from being a paradise, appears to be an arena. There are the nut-eaters and the grain-eaters, two rival sects, almost ready, in spite of their objection to carnal meats, to eat one another. These disciples of the root and the spring fight as though they were fed on raw beef-steaks—with the acrimony of theologians. The nut-eaters are presumably the younger body: it is possible that the grain-eaters could not crack nuts even if they would; but it is fair to say that no statement of that kind has been imported into the discussion. The conflict has chiefly raged upon “the whole meal” question. As an outsider, one feels a prejudice in favour of a whole meal, upon the principle of “half a loaf being better than no bread.” But some other meaning appears to attach itself to the matter. One gentleman endeavoured to unite these hostile bands by stating that his own experience was that for fixing the mind upon physical subjects there was nothing like cereals, whereas for the more sublime emotions he recommended nuts. He did not say what nuts, which seems a serious omission. There must surely be some difference, in producing a devotional frame of mind, between the cobnut and the Barcelona nut, which can only be broken with a hammer or in the door-hinges, and must be apt to evoke impatience or ingratitude. It is

almost certain, however, that he was not thinking of ginger-bread nuts, which would come under the “cereal” head. Personally, though the whole quarrel is nuts to me, I am all for serials. I can get on without the one, but not without the other. My late friend Wilkie Collins used to measure the intelligence of our Colonies by the question, “How do they take my serials?” India was a little sluggish, if I remember right, and New Zealand not quite what it might be; but, as a general rule, their literary growth was satisfactory. He believed in serials, but he was not a vegetarian; nor did he think much of “a dinner of herbs,” save in the omelette form.

The question, by-the-by, of “the seal of the confessional,” and how it has been treated in fiction and on the stage, is being discussed, but not one word has been said of Wilkie Collins’s striking story “The Caldron of Boiling Oil,” which has this subject for its motive. It is to be found among his “Miscellaneous,” but it is quite as good as any of those “Collected Stories” for which he had so deserved a reputation. Can anyone help my poor memory—which was once in better circumstances, and has not come to grief through any fault of its own—to the name of a story which has also this subject for its plot, and in which the priest is made to play what used to strike me as a very unfair trick on his parishioner? The latter had confessed to him that he had murdered the priest’s brother, about which, of course, nothing was said. But one day, when the two were riding together in a friendly and unprofessional manner, the poor wretch observed, “It was in that copse that I buried your brother’s body.” “Oh, did you indeed? Well, we’re not in the confessional now, and so you shall swing for it.” It seemed to me a monstrous proceeding, and to be breaking the seal of confession just as much as if he had denounced him on the instant; for, of course, if it had not been for the confession, the gentleman would not have been so frank. The story haunts me, but not its name.

In Mrs. Stanley’s “London Street Arabs” there is a verse out of “Rule Britannia” which is a variation from the original, though the young gentleman who quoted it plumed himself on “knowing the words”:

Rule Britannion,  
Britannion rules the whales.  
True-hearted Brittons  
Never—never shall be slaves.

This preference for sound over sense is by no means peculiar to street Arabs, and “rules the whales” is really not so very bad. I knew a musical lady who for twenty years sang “Thou who so gently ‘walkest’ over me” for “watchest.” I had a little relation who, not till after four years’ misunderstanding, found out for himself that “Harold be thy name” was not in the Lord’s Prayer. His parents had taken for granted that what was familiar to them must be intelligible to him—a very common mistake in education. The whole system of our classical schools is based upon the ridiculous assumption that boys who for the most part are absolutely incapable of appreciating poetry in their own language, understand it when it is in Latin and Greek; they even teach grammar—the most difficult, and the least attractive, of all studies—in an alien tongue. I once knew a mathematical school where the new pupils used to learn their Euclid by heart, without an attempt at instruction from anybody. These ideas, no doubt, are borrowed from the popular belief that the best way of teaching a lad to swim is to throw him into deep water. But this does not always come out well; nor does the boy. However, it is our national high-class way of education and “Rule Britannion.”

Nevertheless, there are other ways. An advertisement of a school which is quite ideal just meets my eye. It is headed by noble extracts from some great author or another. “One should every day either look at a beautiful picture, or hear beautiful music, or read a beautiful poem.” Think of this advice addressed to The Boy! The pupils in this school, we are told, “often sit at the windows, looking out at the sunsets lighting up the bay with brilliant colours.” This seems an unusually romantic occupation for their period of life. “Principal and pupils sit at the same table, engaging in conversation on literary and scientific subjects”: not a word is said about their universal practice of running sharp slate pencils into one another; when they want indoor recreation, they find it “in gathering round the piano and singing hymns.” One almost fears these boys are doomed to an early death, notwithstanding “the salubrity of the situation,” which is eloquently dwelt upon. “The daughter of the principal reads an entertaining book aloud, from eight to nine,” after which “the students shake hands with the principal and teachers, and say ‘good-night.’” Gracious goodness! What an end to a boy’s day! It may perhaps be true that, “what with study, play, table talk, conscious improvement, and romantic scenery, home-sickness is unknown”; but I know a good many boys who, notwithstanding its “unparalleled advantages,” would be sick of this school in a week.

There has just been a pretty contribution to the theory of heredity. A lady has died leaving instructions in her will that she should be buried in her best ball-dress. Her father, it appears, showed a similar solicitude for his post-mortem appearance, and was buried in his evening clothes. One would like to know the views this class of people entertain respecting the next world. Having no imagination (though, indeed, that would not help them very much), it would seem that they picture to themselves a state of things similar to what is familiar to them here: an eternity of five-o’clock teas and at-homes, where “evening dress is indispensable.” There was an advertisement in the papers not so long ago of certain “drawing-room addresses,” to which persons were invited on the same conditions, “since we should hardly wish to meet for devotional purposes with less care for our appearance than in the circles of fashion.” I found a good Churchman, during

this very summer” passing his Sunday at the seaside at home, “because he had not brought down his tall hat with him.” These things are more amazing to think of than anything in “Alice in Wonderland,” but, at the same time, it is certain that, among the male sex at least, attire is not so much the subject of solicitude as it used to be. Your young City man would still rather die—or, at least, be struck off the list of stockbrokers—than be seen dining at his club, even in September, in morning costume; but, as a rule, one now seldom sees a man over five-and-twenty who takes much interest in his clothes.

## THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

The Emperor William II. of Germany and the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, whose cordial alliance is the greatest safeguard of European peace, had a friendly meeting on Sept. 17 at the Château of Rohnstock, fronting the Riesengebirge or Giant Mountains, which form the boundary between Silesia and Bohemia. The picturesque village or townlet of Rohnstock is the terminus of a branch railway line from Breslau, not yet opened for public traffic, though now inaugurated by the passage of the Austrian Emperor. The Château of Rohnstock, a handsome turreted edifice in the Renaissance style, is the property of Count Hochberg, brother of Prince Pless, one of the rich magnates in Silesia, and intendant of the Royal theatres in Prussia. Its historical associations connect it with the career of Frederick the Great, for only a mile or two off is the battlefield of Hohenfriedberg, the scene of one of the crushing defeats inflicted by Frederick on the Austrians in his successful attempt to wrest Silesia from the Empress Maria Theresa. It was in this very castle of Rohnstock that the Austrian commander passed the night before the battle of Hohenfriedberg, and where Frederick sat down to supper after his victory.

The meeting of the two Sovereigns in a pavilion at the railway-station was most affectionate: they embraced several times over. The German Emperor lost no time in presenting his new Chancellor to his Austrian ally, who conversed with General Von Caprivi longer than with any other member of his German Majesty’s suite. As a matter of course, the two Sovereigns had exchanged their respective uniforms and orders, the German Emperor wearing the Hussar uniform of Austria, while his ally looked quite Prussian in the garb of the Kaiser Franz Regiment of the Guards in Berlin.

Taking their seats in a barouche and four, the two Emperors, chatting gaily and well pleased, drove away to the castle, the bells of the village ringing out merrily as at a wedding, while the school-children and the country folk cheered lustily, especially when the two Sovereigns approached the triumphal arch of greenery, where a band of white-robed and wreath-crowned maidens had taken their stand, with Countess Hoyos, to offer a nosegay to the Austrian Emperor. Their Imperial Majesties were met by the King of Saxony—that Saxony which was the foe of Prussia and the ally of Austria in 1866, but which is now ruled by a Monarch whom the late Emperor Frederick appointed to be the mentor and friend in need of his elder son. Shortly after the arrival of the Austrian Emperor, he exchanged visits with the King of Saxony, and the three Sovereigns and their Chancellors and suites sat down to dinner, which was superbly served with gold and silver plate. Next day the 5th and 6th Army Corps of Posen and Silesia operated against each other in mimic warfare in presence of the German Emperor, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Saxony and Prince George of Saxony (commanding the 12th, or Royal Saxon Corps), Prince Albrecht of Prussia, Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria, and the Duke of Connaught, who was attended by a suite of seven English officers. The German Emperor was to arrive in Vienna, on Oct. 1, on a visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph.

A good-service pension has been bestowed on Brigadier-General E. Faunce, C.B.

Earl Cowper, K.G., has erected a new church at Selston, Notts.

Mr. T. E. Ellis, M.P., the leader of the Welsh Nationalists in the House of Commons, who has just recovered from a serious illness, has been, at Bala, presented with £1000 as a mark of gratitude for his services to the Nationalist cause.

The baptism of the infant daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Carlow took place on Sept. 22, at the Chapel Royal, St. James’s, in the presence of a distinguished congregation. The baptismal rite was administered by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal.

Admiral Sir William Dowell has been elected chairman, and Admiral Sir William Houston Stewart vice-chairman, of the General Committee of the Royal Naval Exhibition. Mr. Edmund H. Lloyd, manager of the Royal Military Exhibition, was appointed manager. The guarantee fund amounts to £33,705.

A large number of Italian residents in London on Sept. 22 commemorated the twentieth anniversary of the capture of Rome by King Victor Emmanuel, by a banquet and concert at the Freemasons’ Tavern. The First Secretary of the Italian Embassy, Count Malerbi, presided, in the absence of the Ambassador. A number of addresses were given, and the proceedings were of an enthusiastic character.

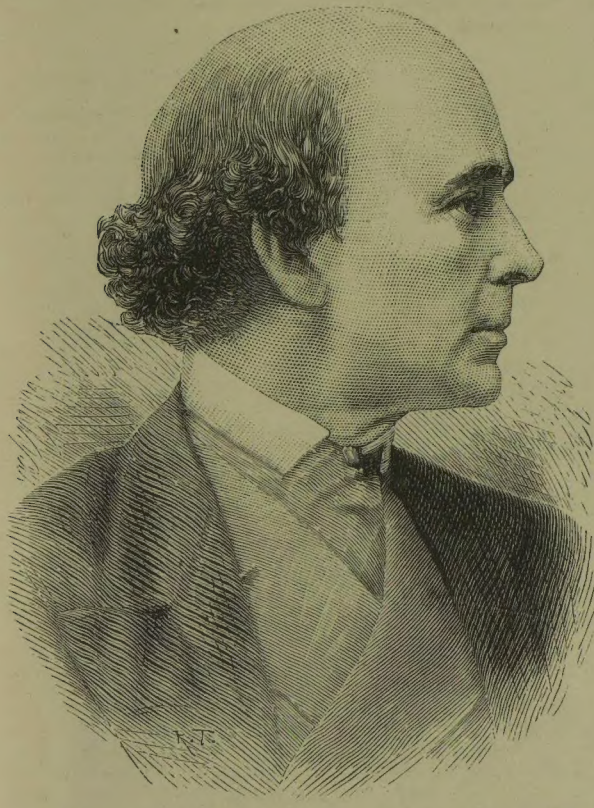
Mr. Henry Stuart Jones, B.A., Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, has been elected to a Fellowship (after examination) at Trinity College. There were fifteen candidates. Mr. Jones gained the Hertford Scholarship in 1886, the Ireland Scholarship and the Craven Scholarship in 1888, the Gaisford Prize for Greek Prose in Trinity Term last. He was also placed in the First Class by the Classical Moderators in 1888, and in the First Class by the Examiners in the Final School of *Litteræ Humaniores* in Trinity Term last.

It is stated that, according to a telegram received in London, the foreign communities in Japan have been much disturbed by a reported abandonment by the foreign Governments, in their negotiations with the Japanese authorities for treaty revision, of the extra-territorial jurisdiction which has hitherto governed the residence of foreigners in the country; and at a meeting of the great bulk of the foreign male population held in Yokohama, and attended by all nationalities, the following resolution was passed: “First—That, in the opinion of this meeting, the time has not arrived when questions in regard to rights, whether of property or person, arising between subjects and citizens of foreign Powers in the dominion of his Majesty the Emperor of Japan can be unconditionally and safely subjected to the jurisdiction of Japanese tribunals, or when an estimate can be formed of the period within which the unconditional relinquishment of extra-territorial jurisdiction in Japan can be safely promised. Second, that, in the opinion of this meeting, it would be an act of grave injustice to foreigners who have purchased land in Japan under covenant with the Japanese Government if the conditions or incidents of their tenure of such land should be altered without their consent.”



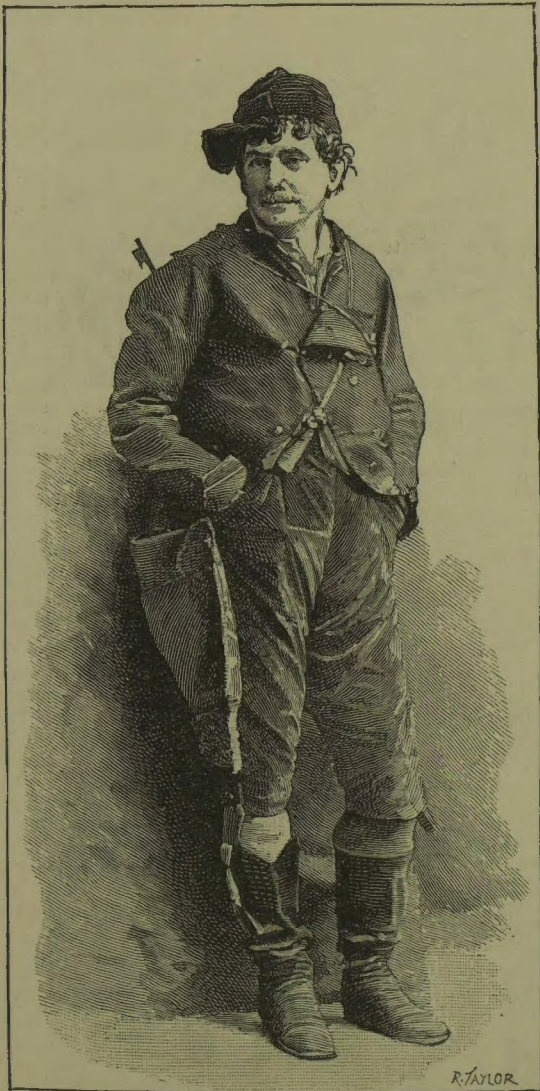
## THE LATE MR. DION BOUCICAULT.

This clever dramatist and comedian, long notably successful on the stage in London, died at New York on Sept. 14, after a long illness. He was born at Dublin in December 1822, but his education, begun in the Irish capital, was completed at London University, under Dr. Dionysius Lardner, who was his guardian. Boucicault's first comedy, "London Assurance," was performed at Covent-Garden Theatre when its author was only eighteen years of age. Its immediate success stimulated him to other efforts, which were not so satisfactory,



Dion Boucicault

until the production of "Old Heads and Young Hearts," at the Haymarket, in 1844. Mr. Boucicault made his first appearance on the stage of the Princess's Theatre, in 1852, in a piece from his own pen, entitled "The Vampire." He was a voluminous writer and adapter of plays, none of which is more popular than "The Colleen Bawn," founded upon Griffin's novel of "The Collegians," produced at the Adelphi in 1860, the author and his wife, known on the stage as Miss Agnes Robertson, playing the principal parts. This was followed by "The Octoroon," in 1861, in which Boucicault made another success as Salem Scudder. "Dot"—a dramatised version of "The Cricket on the Hearth"—which has furnished Mr. J. L. Toole with one of his most popular parts, was brought out in 1862. The next year was marked by the first of Mr. Boucicault's



DION BOUCICAULT AS CONN IN "THE SHAUGHRAUN."

English melodramas, entitled "The Streets of London." In rapid succession followed "Arrah-na-Pogue," "The Flying Scud," "Formosa"—which created a sensation at Drury-Lane in 1869—and "The Shaughraun," in 1875, which some regard as the best of Boucicault's Irish pieces, and in which he played the part of Conn. He played for the last time in England four years ago, at the Prince's, in a play called "The Jilt." He had made

New York his home for the last fifteen years, and brought out three pieces in that city.

Our Portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company; but the Illustration of his appearance as an actor in "The Shaughraun" is from one by Mora, of Broadway, New York.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Henry Irving is a veritable magician. If we come to reflect upon it, some of his greatest and most artistic successes have been made out of well-worn or apparently unprofitable subjects. Now, no one can have forgotten the revival of Shakspeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Lyceum. Was there ever a play in the classic repertoire that looked a more unlikely one for sumptuous revival? For actors and actresses, well and good; but for show purposes, decidedly no. That was the general opinion. We had all seen the play again and again since childhood for countless Benedicks and innumerable Beatrices. It was an actor's play—nothing more. But how wrong we all were! Will ever anyone who ever saw it forget the Cathedral scene in "Much Ado About Nothing"—how dignified, how impressive, how majestic, how poetic? The words of the old Friar ring in our ears as they never did before: "Sweet lady, die to live. Have patience, and endure." The magician and artist had been at work, and here was a play of the second class of importance elevated at a bound to the very front rank by means of the detail, the thought, and the imagination that can add yet another laurel wreath to the crown of Shakspeare. "Much Ado About Nothing" at the old Haymarket, in the old Buckstone days, and "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Lyceum! Contrast them, compare them! Mr. Howe can do so, for he played in both. Why, they are not the same plays!

Again, the Poet Laureate's "Cup" was not a very promising subject for the artistic manager to tackle. But how Henry Irving triumphed over his difficulties! I myself have seen so many plays that my mind reels at the retrospect. And yet out of this confused mass I can pick out the glorious scene in "The Cup," and see Ellen Terry standing at the sacrificial altar and hear the wild wail of the chorus in prayer to the pagan god, "Hear me, Athenian Artemis!" It is impossible that the sensitive mind can reject such a picture as that. But only think what the play and the scene might have been had they not passed through the refining and imaginative furnace of the mind of the great artist-actor. This view of the Irving period of art is too often ignored.

And so we come to "Ravenswood." The old playgoer shook his head dismally. What on earth more could be done with Sir Walter Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor"? Everyone had taken a turn at it for the best part of a century. It had been elevated and degraded and vulgarised. It had been used as a romantic opera and as a cheap melodrama. Edgar of Ravenswood had departed out of this life in every possible fashion, and Lucy Ashton had given up the ghost in every imaginable position. She had dropped down dead from a broken heart, and she had gone mad in white satin and white muslin, with or without the straws in her hair, according to established theatrical convention. Edgar, the dark, black Edgar, had died "like a rose in aromatic pain" at the feet of his faithless Lucy, and he had plunged, horse and all, into the Kelpie's Flow. It seemed as if nothing more, by any power of ingenuity, could be done to the "Bride of Lammermoor." And it was not as if Scott's novel was left entirely in the hands of the old school, as it is now called. The new school had taken a turn at it. When nature began to be seen on the stage again, the "Master of Ravenswood" was not forgotten, and Fechter, who was not destitute of imagination, with the aid of Charles Dickens and Palgrave Simpson and J. C. M. Bellew, put all his energy into the revival of the old familiar melodrama. But, to tell the honest truth, the "Master of Ravenswood," beautiful and imaginative as it was in the Lyceum days of Fechter, was child's play in art compared to the "Ravenswood" of to-day. Here, then, is a novelty! An old playgoer refusing to be a "laudator temporis acti"; a student of the stage refusing to believe that the present could by any possibility be better than the past. I cannot help it: it is true. Where is the Fechter revival? Did we see anything like the funeral pageant and the arrested burial in the first act? the gloomy awe of the interior of the Wolf's Crag in the second? the exquisitely imaginative picture where Ravenswood, fate-haunted, woos the nervous Lucy at the Mermaid's Well? or that last beautiful and allegorical tableau where, to soften the harshness of the tragedy, to change the notes of the theme from wild discord to alluring melody, we see the barren cruel sand, and the burning setting sun, and the utter desolation of the scene, and the awe and majesty of nature, and the triumph of fate over man, lightened and softened by the picture of the lonely old man bending over the saved plume of his dead master. What a ray of hope is here! Fate may be masterful, and death may be cruel, and the end to all of us is inevitable! But after death comes life, and in the after-life is love! For Love, which is God, is Lord of all! Believe me, there is more in this allegory than a mere stage picture. It is the inspiration of a great artist. It is the epitome of Life—as experience teaches it to those who think. Some put their imagination into poems, some upon canvas, some into music. Henry Irving puts his imagination into the plays he produces and the scenes he unfolds before our eyes. It is because Ravenswood has been done so often before that we who have studied the stage are astonished at the fertility and grace of Irving's imagination.

Objection has been taken to one little detail in the new Lyceum play. The spectator laughs when Ravenswood shoots the bull out of the library window. This little incident is held to have its comic side, and it clashes somehow with the general dignity of the play. Well, it may be so, but after all the scene is easily altered, and possibly it may have been rearranged by this time. It is the easiest thing in the world. Ravenswood has nothing to do but to rush out with the loaded gun, leaving Sir William Ashton to describe the scene. A shot is heard outside, and then Edgar Ravenswood reappears bearing the fainting Lucy in his arms. This, I take it, would be far more effective, and less dangerous. Possibly Irving was afraid of having two scenes of the same kind in one play, for Caleb Balderstone describes the death of Ravenswood in the last scene. But that is immaterial. A scene described is often far more effective than a scene realised. The departure of the troops in "Ours" suggested outside is essentially dramatic: when the soldiers are seen—as was done in America by Wallack—this essentially dramatic scene becomes vulgar.

There was only one small point of detail that I missed in the new Lyceum version compared to the old one, but that does not concern the play, but the temperament of the actress. I remember as distinctly as if it were yesterday the impression given when the half of the pledged ring was taken from the neck of Carlotta Leclercq, who played Lucy Ashton in the Fechter days. The instant the talisman was gone the actress shuddered from head to foot. It was like what people call "a goose walking over her grave." Suddenly the actress

seemed to turn deadly cold when the warmth at her heart had gone. This ring was all she lived for. Separated from it the life-blood went out of her heart. I have never forgotten this shudder of Carlotta Leclercq. But, then, all actresses cannot feel the scene in the same way, and Miss Ellen Terry's conception of Lucy is consistently beautiful, and her death-scene one of the most imaginative things she has ever done. The author has never given her much opportunity, but she has made it wherever it was possible. The love-scene at the Mermaid's Well will be the discussion of every poetical and imaginative youth and maiden who goes to see it. Actor and actress are here at their very best. Ravenswood is relapsing from his studied gloom, under the influence of this beautiful and pure maiden; Lucy is conquering her inevitable nervousness and awe of Ravenswood. Nature and love are asserting themselves. Seldom has such a beautiful picture been seen on the stage. Mr. Hawes Craven has exceeded all his scenic triumphs with this scene of the glade in the old Scottish forest, carpeted with spring flowers—the one gleam of brightness in this naturally gloomy play; and both Mr. Irving and Miss Terry rise to the occasion. For one instant the sun comes out of the clouds, and happiness prevails over fate and disaster. It is a brief interlude, but a lovely one. Later on, actor and actress have more serious work to do: Irving, as the care-worn, dazed lover, who comes like a spectre upon the marriage scene, with the inevitable written on every line of his face; Miss Ellen Terry, as the pale, distraught luckless Lucy, who can fight no more with fate, and who dies like a broken flower.

Among the other excellent examples of vigorous and artistic acting were the Hayston of Bucklaw by Mr. William Terriss, who had a character after his own heart and temperament, and looked a perfect picture; the Caleb Balderstone of Mr. Mackintosh, not funny, strange to say, but surprisingly effective in the last act; the excellent Craigengelt of Mr. Wenman, who, however, ought to have been cast for Sir William Ashton, and, perhaps best of all, the Ailsie Gourlay of Miss Marriott, who had the most difficult task of all to perform, and did it admirably. I tremble to think what would have happened to the play if this old Scotch prophetess had not been an actress of rare and ripe experience. And oh! if the younger generation would only go to the Lyceum and hear how Miss Marriott speaks verse! Every word she has to speak is distinctly heard in every corner of the house.

Nothing is left to chance at the Lyceum. Everything is well done. Music becomes necessary, so music is obtained of the very best. Let everyone listen to the effect of Dr. Mackenzie's music all through the last act, particularly at the parting of Ravenswood and Lucy. Dresses and decoration are required, and artistic advice imperative: so Mr. Irving calls in an artist and archaeologist like Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., and Miss Ellen Terry puts herself in the hands of her trusted and art-loving friend, Mrs. Comyns Carr. In fact, the whole thing is a triumph of harmony and ensemble. Good work has succeeded, as all good work must succeed on the stage. The public wants the very best of its kind. They get it even better than the best at the Lyceum with "Ravenswood." C. S.

## "THE BLACK ROVER."

The Globe Theatre was reopened on the Twenty-third of September, under the direction of Mr. George Paget, with what was designated a new "melodramatic opera" in three acts, entitled "The Black Rover," composed and written by Mr. Luscombe Scarelle. It proved a melodious but by no means a novel work, being a perverted version of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," with suggestions in the characterisation of such familiar personages as Autolycus, Rip Van Winkle, and Gaspard from "Les Cloches de Corneville." "The Black Rover" was so far welcome, however, that it was made the medium for the reappearance in London of that fine singer Mr. William Ludwig, who sustained the Wagneresque part of the piratical hero with habitual vigour and intensity. Mr. Ludwig's rich, resonant voice told with particularly good effect in the long recitative wherein he recounts with declamatory force the legend of "The Black Rover," and how that he and his crew were doomed to cruise the seas for evermore till he should hear again a song sung by a poor woman he had caused to "walk the plank." The pirates have a golden treasure buried under a rock, and, like "the Forty Thieves," resent an endeavour of some landmen to help themselves to the gold, and so carry them off to sea in the doomed ship. But among the abducted company on board the weird and midwifery pirate's craft is the fair young heroine Isidora, who chances to be the child of the "Black Rover's" victim, and who, the moment before she and her fellow-prisoners are about to be consigned to the deep, sings her mother's song, which has the effect of removing the spell from the haunted ship and her sorry crew and captain. While the "Black Rover" and his buccaneers are drowned, Isidora and her lover are saved; and, being rescued in the last act from the hands of an infuriated band of negro revolutionists in Cuba, are eventually placed on the high road to be "happy ever after." There is a subordinate plot, which needs not to be dwelt upon. "The Black Rover" is handsomely mounted and costumed, and contains some melodious ballads and concerted passages. Mr. Ludwig carried off the vocal honours. Miss Blanche Fenton was tuneful, and looked very pretty as Isidora; and Miss Florence Lloyd sang well as Annetta; but the young fisherman tenor, Mr. Maurice Mancini, was out of voice. Mr. Shiel Barry as Chickanaque, Mr. Charles Collette as Pedro Guzman, Mr. John Le Hay as a droll Dutch overseer, and Mr. William Hogarth as Patronio did full justice to their parts.

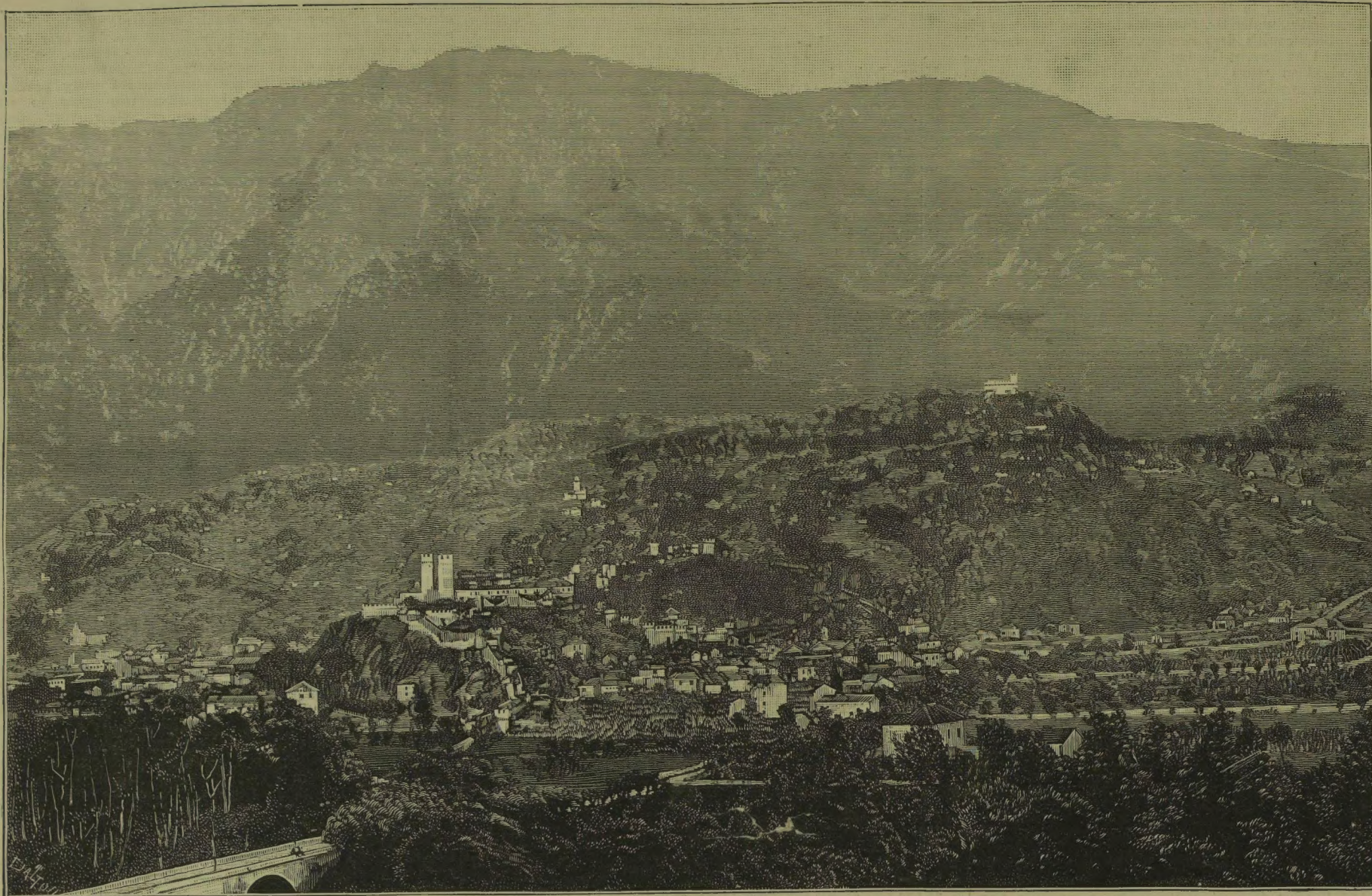
Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment will reopen for the autumn season on Monday evening, Sept. 29, with "Carnival Time," by Malcolm Watson; music by Corney Grain. And a new musical sketch will be given for the first time, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "Seaside Mania!"

Mr. George T. Morice has been appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of the Transvaal. This is the only appointment of an Englishman to a high position in the Republic since the late war. Mr. Morice was educated at Aberdeen and Lincoln College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. in 1881. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1883.

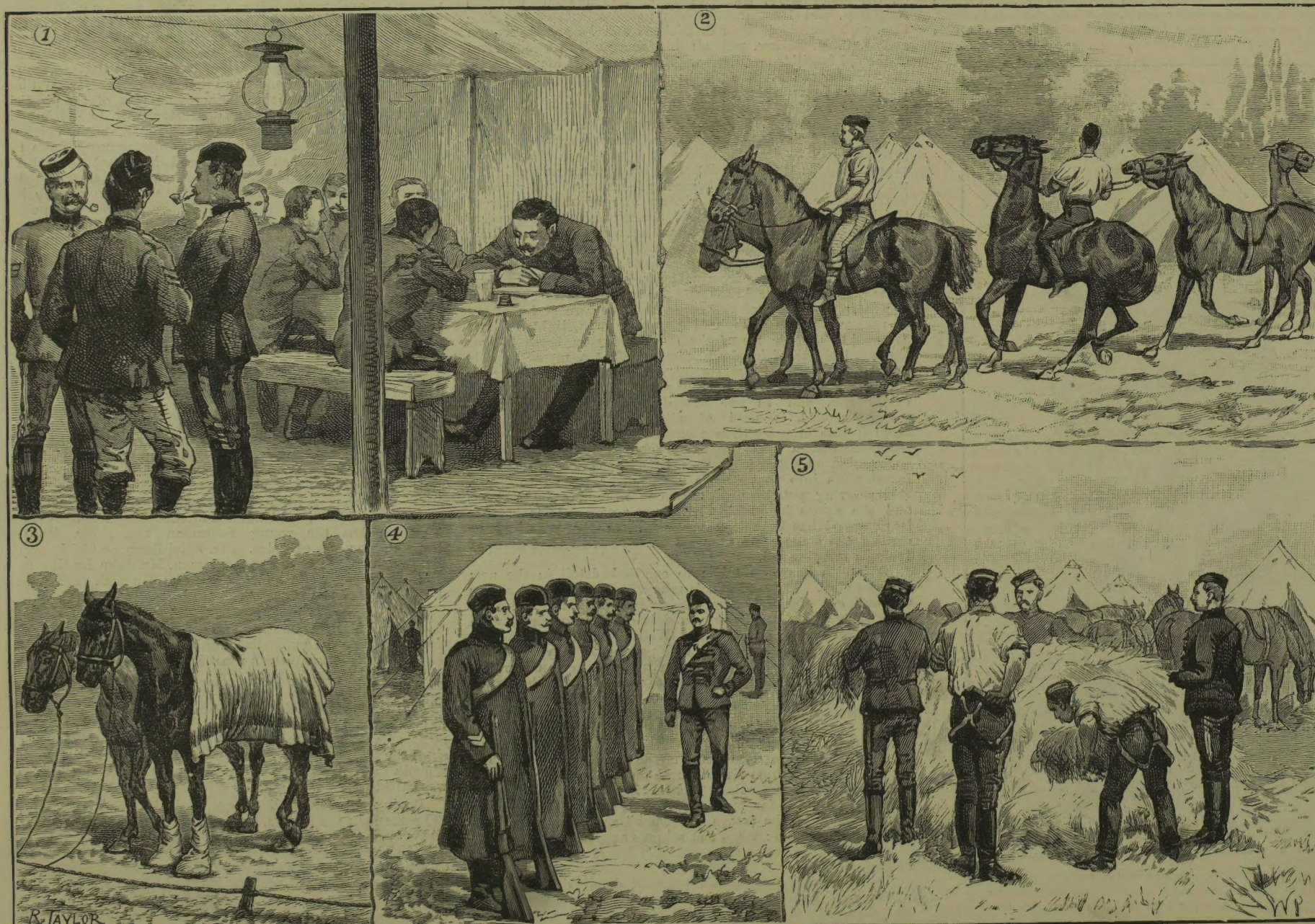
During the week ending Sept. 20 the births in London were 980 more than the deaths, and this notwithstanding that the births were 328 below the average. The rate of mortality was only 16.2, and of zymotic diseases only measles, diphtheria, and typhoid fever were slightly above the normal. The temperature of the air was 3.3 degrees higher than the mean of the last twenty years.

A person who was arrested in the Walworth-road, on suspicion of having been concerned in the removal of somebody else's portable property from a dwelling-house, had upon him a coffepot and a teapot wrapped up in a lady's dress, and two tablecloths marked with a name differing from his own in every imaginable respect. Among the trifles found in his pockets were eight skeleton keys and a screwdriver.





BELLINZONA, THE CAPITAL OF THE SWISS ITALIAN CANTON OF TICINO.



1. Writing out Orders for Next Day.

2. Mounted Infantry Taking Horses to Water.

3. In the Sick Lines (10 out of 250).

4. Inspecting the Picket, 6.30 p.m.

5. Haying Up.





THE AUTUMN CAVALRY MANOEUVRES: CHARGE OF TWO SQUADRONS OF CAVALRY, 20TH HUSSARS AND ROYAL DRAGOONS.



## IN MALHAM DALE.

I remember a friend of mine once saying to me, when we happened to be walking through a strip of Yorkshire woodland, where the ground was entirely carpeted by glossy masses of bracken: "This is the kind of thing, I think, that I prefer; I care much more for scenery, like this, in detail, than when considered as a whole." From such a judgment very many people, no doubt, would dissent: the majority of men seem to be attracted more by broad and sweeping effects—a general view over hill and dale, or a wide stretch of seascape—than by individual details of the most ideal loveliness. It has struck me, however, that in this matter of detail the Yorkshire dales are peculiarly rich—richer, I think, on the whole, than is even Derbyshire, where we get much the same kind of rock-formation, and consequently much the same kind of scenery. I am thinking chiefly, in making this remark, of the Yorkshire glens and waterfalls, which latter, at any rate, are, I believe, unrivalled in the kingdom. Can Lodore, for instance, be properly compared with the High Force, or Dungeon Ghyll with the fall in Weathercote Cave, or the Swallow Falls near Bettws-y-Coed with the cataracts of Aysgarth? Does not the superiority in each case rest with the falls of Yorkshire?

Now, there are two individual bits of rock-scenery near the village of Malham which are, I suppose, in their way as fine as anything in England. These two are Malham Cove and Gordale Scar. They can scarcely be called unknown, or even little known, for they are undoubtedly visited every year by large numbers of people from the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire. Yet in spite of the description of Gray and the sonnets of Wordsworth, the engravings of Westall and the huge picture that hangs in the very entrance hall of the National Gallery, I doubt if they can properly be said to be known to Londoners at all.

The scar limestone—the purest form in which the limestones occur, unmixed, as it is, with grits or shales—always seems to me to constitute the most beautiful form of cliff that it is well possible to imagine. Mr. Ruskin, somewhere in his "Præterita," writes about "the Jura rock, balanced in the make of it between chalk and marble." This happy phrase—I know nothing as to its scientific accuracy—seems to me just exactly to hit off the characteristic of what is, I believe, the parallel of the Jura rock in England—I mean, our mountain scar limestone. With the close-grained and unshattered majesty of marble it combines the gleaming white beauty of solidified chalk. Of such rock as this are formed the great cliffs of Derbyshire—Chee or the High Tor; out of this is carved the Cheddar chasm; out of this, the unsurpassable grandeur of Malham Cove and Gordale Scar.

Imagine, if you will, a narrow valley, watered by a pure and living streamlet, not without villages on its banks and churches and patches of woodland—and picture to yourself this valley suddenly arrested, as it were, as we penetrate it up into the mountains, by a vast perpendicular barrier of just such beautiful limestone, flung across it from side to side, and successfully opposing all further onward progress. For such is Malham Cove. Further, from the base of this giant crag there issues a full and musical rivulet, not flowing, as is so often the case among the perforated rocks of this Craven district, from some gaping and visible cavern, but literally welling up without agitation or perceptible effort from its unexplorable subterranean passages, so that the bottom of the cliff actually touches the surface of the water. Has any other English valley such a termination as this, or any other English river so grandly simple a source? Yet the river is the Aire, and the valley Aire dale—or Malham dale, as it is sometimes called in this its earlier course—doomed both of them, alone among the true Yorkshire dales and the great scenic Yorkshire rivers, to taste abundantly during their lower course the defilements of a manufacturing district.

Yet, what need is there for us here to-day, enfolded as we are in the outskirts of the wild mountains, and observing on

visible, but the pure white limestone forms its own sky-line, just on three hundred feet above our head. Here and there, in patches, the gleaming white has weathered into darker stains, and everywhere clusters of delicate harebells have rooted themselves on ledges of the rock. The new-born river winds down the dale among moss-grown masses of fallen stone, yet is fresh and pure, and filled with vivid green weeds up to its very source, resembling, indeed, in this respect not so much a typical Yorkshire river as rather one of the transition streams, the Dove or the Wye, of the Derbyshire glens. Occasionally, in times of heavy flood, the waters of the Tarn above have come tumbling over the Cove in an unrivalled waterfall, and, probably, this was once their everyday outlet before the beck carved out for itself its present underground channels. But, in spite of what some have written to the contrary, one could scarcely wish this to be permanently the case now. On the one hand, we should lose this charming fountain-head—unique in English scenery; on the other, the volume of water would be ordinarily insufficient to be in keeping with the proportions of the Cove. We should get merely a kind of insignificant splashing—a sublimated dropping-well of Knaresborough.

Gordale Scar, "terrific as the lair where the young lions couch," has some points of resemblance to the Cove, but probably more of difference. Here, again, we get the massive white limestone, relieved however, in this case, by the dark green of a few hardy juniper-bushes. A stony torrent, making its way from the green moors above, plunges suddenly in a series of small cascades into a profound and narrow gorge—how narrow and how profound we may best realise by looking up to the circumscribed strip of blue sky overhead: Here, as at the Cove, the great feature is the absolute vastness and solidity of the enclosing cliffs—sheer crags, one of which actually overhangs its base, of perhaps 300 ft. in height. The waterfall in itself, though it adds life and character to the scene, is not a very important detail. Even in flood-time, when the meanest cascade robes itself, for a time at least, in new elements of beauty and grandeur, it would still be less imposing, I should imagine, than these silent and almost terrible crags. A happy bend at the lower entrance of the glen masks the scene from sight till we stand well inside it, and shuts out at the same time visions of the tamer landscape behind. "I staid there," writes the poet Gray, who visited Gordale in 1769, "not without shuddering, a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly repaid, for the impression will last with life."

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his lectures on "Translating Homer," speaks of certain kinds of poetry as being in the "grand style." To define what exactly this grand style is, is perhaps impossible; we can only perceive it for ourselves and illustrate it by examples. And may we not apply this same phrase—this "grand style"—to the elements of natural beauty? If so, Malham Cove and Gordale Scar are as assuredly in the grand style as are any similar scenes in Europe—as much, most certainly, as is the Gasteren Thal in Switzerland, or the Gorge of Gondo, or the Via Mala.

A two-days exhibition of dahlias and grapes has been held in the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, at Chiswick.

The annual British conference of the Young Men's Christian Association of Great Britain and Ireland was commenced on Sept. 23, at Birmingham, with a reception in the Council House given by the Mayor. Mrs. Alexander Chance acted as Mayoress, and Mr. Alexander Chance and the Mayor heartily welcomed the delegates.

The Duke of Edinburgh on Sept. 23 attended the annual sports of the Dorset Regiment, held at Plymouth Citadel, this being his Royal Highness's first appearance at a public function since assuming the office of Naval Commander-in-Chief at Devonport. In the evening the Duke was entertained at dinner at Government House by Major-General Sir Richard Harrison, commanding the Western District.

The Orinoco arrived at New York on Sept. 22, from Bermuda, with the crew of the American brig Abbie Clifford, which was wrecked on Aug. 31. For five days the shipwrecked crew were adrift on a raft before they were picked up, and their sufferings were terrible. The hurry and excitement in getting away from their ship left no time to secure any provisions, and they were entirely without water, their only food being a box of raisins. They also had to contend against heavy weather, during which the captain's wife was washed off the raft and drowned.

At a meeting held in Glasgow, on Sept. 23, under the presidency of the Lord Provost, a resolution was adopted declaring it to be expedient that a chair for the teaching of political economy be founded and endowed in the University of Glasgow as a fitting memorial to Adam Smith and of his connection with the University, and as supplying an important requirement in a commercial and industrial community. A number of subscriptions towards the formation of the chair were intimated, and a large and influential committee appointed for the purpose of carrying the resolution into effect.

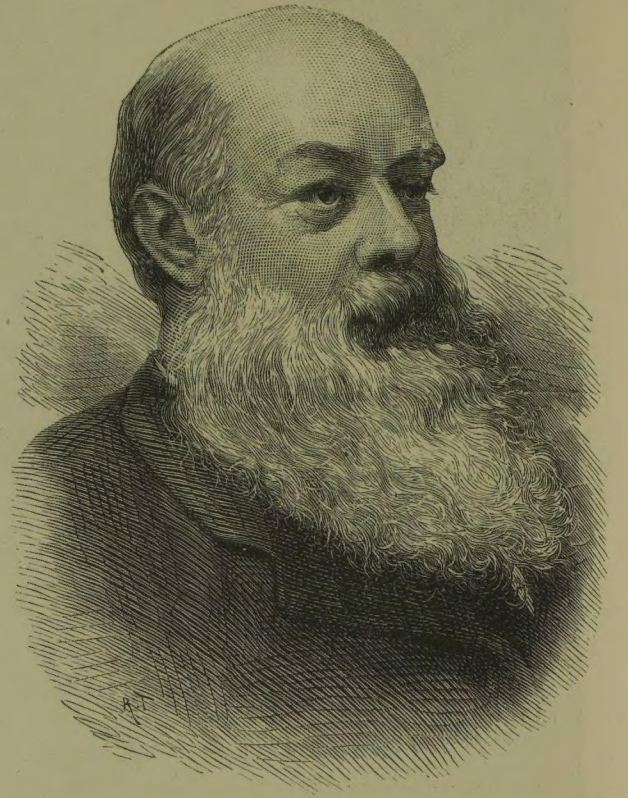
Prince George of Wales was, on Sept. 18, waited on by the Mayor and Council of Quebec, who presented him, on behalf of the citizens, with an address of welcome, concluding with a protestation of loyalty and filial adherence to the British Crown. His Royal Highness responded in suitable terms. The Hon. A. R. Angers, the Lieutenant-Governor, and Madame Angers gave a dinner in the evening in the Prince's honour. On the 18th Lady Stanley of Preston gave a ball in honour of the Prince; and on the 19th Prince George of Wales and the officers of the fleet gave an at-home, followed by a dance on board the Bellerophon. The squadron sailed next day for Halifax.

Mr. John Mossman, the Scottish sculptor, died at Port Bannatyne, near Glasgow, on Sept. 22, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Mr. Mossman, whose father was a pupil of Chantrey, was born in London, but his father soon after his birth moved to Leith, where young Mossman was educated. He was afterwards taken into the studio of the late Baron Marochetti, and rapidly gained a high reputation as a sculptor in Scotland. Many of the best statues in Glasgow were executed by him, notably those of Sir Robert Peel, Dr. Livingstone, Thomas Campbell, and Dr. Norman Macleod. Mr. Mossman was a widower, his wife having died thirty years ago, and he leaves no family.

In the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, on Sept. 23, the prizes and certificates gained at the Fanmakers' third competitive exhibition, held recently at Drapers' Hall, were presented by the Lady Mayoress. The prize of 25 guineas given by the Fanmakers' Company for the best hand-painted fan was awarded to Mr. F. Houghton; the first and second prizes, of 10 guineas each, in the class for "fan leaves," to Mrs. Arthur J. Rowe and Mrs. Heitland respectively; and the prize of 20 guineas given by the Drapers' Company for sets of three fan-sticks, to Mr. R. Gleeson. Mr. F. Houghton also obtained 25 guineas, together with the freedom of the Fanmakers' Company, for the best "complete" copy of a seventeenth- or eighteenth-century fan.

## THE LATE MR. PICKERING PHIPPS.

The town of Northampton has sustained a loss generally regretted by the death of Mr. Pickering Phipps, who was Mayor in 1861 and in 1865, a Town Councillor from 1854, and an Alderman and Magistrate for a quarter of a century past; he was also M.P. for the borough, in the Conservative interest, from 1874 to 1880, and for the Southern Division of the county from 1881 to 1886, and one of the County Council.



THE LATE MR. PICKERING PHIPPS OF NORTHAMPTON.

Mr. Phipps, who was born at Northampton in 1827, joined his uncle in a large brewery business, which has been greatly extended, having trade branches at Towcester, Daventry, Bedford, Peterborough, Leicester, and other towns; he was also Chairman of the Northamptonshire Banking Company, and a director of the Capital and Counties Bank of London. He resided in his country house at Collingtree, and was a liberal supporter of the local charities there and at Northampton, besides contributing to the maintenance of Church institutions, and taking part in various useful public works.

## THE COURT.

Her Majesty, who is in good health, took several drives during the past week. On Sept. 18 the Queen drove in the morning to Abergeldie, attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill, and visited the Princess of Wales. Princess Beatrice, accompanied by Countess Feodore Gleichen, walked. In the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by the Countess of Erroll, drove to Invercauld and honoured Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick with a visit. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales dined with her Majesty in the evening. On the morning of the 19th the Queen went out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. In the afternoon her Majesty drove to the Glen Gelder Shiel, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, where they were joined by Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Wales, and by Countess Feodore Gleichen, who rode there. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale, just returned from Wales, had visited the Queen previously. The Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, who has arrived at the castle as Minister in attendance on her Majesty, was included in the Royal dinner party. Sir Maurice FitzGerald, Knight of Kerry, and Lady FitzGerald, and Mr. Lord Phillips had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen drove out on the afternoon of the 20th, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Countess Feodore Gleichen. The Countess of Erroll has left the castle. The Rev. Professor Story, D.D., arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Mr. Chaplin also had the honour of being invited. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning, the 21st, in the presence of her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the rest of the Royal family, and the Royal Household. The Rev. Professor Story, D.D., officiated. In the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Countess Feodore Gleichen, and attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill, drove to Abergeldie Mains, where she was met by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and honoured the Hon. Lady Biddulph with a visit. The Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg afterwards visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Abergeldie Castle. The Queen went out on the morning of the 22nd, attended by the Hon. Evelyn Paget. In the afternoon her Majesty, attended by the Hon. Evelyn Paget, drove to the Glassalt Shiel, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, where they met Princess Beatrice, Princess Victoria of Wales, and Countess Feodore Gleichen. Mr. Chaplin had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Her Majesty has nominated the Duke of Edinburgh to represent her at the ceremony of unveiling the National Armada Memorial on Plymouth Hoe on Oct. 21, the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar. The Queen is expected to remain at Balmoral till about the middle of November.

The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales drove through Braemar on Sept. 23 from Abergeldie to Mar Lodge, on a short visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife. The Prince of Wales, who was deer-shooting in Invercauld Forest, followed later in the evening.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale visited Cardiff on Sept. 17, and opened the new Grangetown Bridge. He lunched at the Park Hall, received the honorary freedom of the borough, drove along the Docks, visited the castle with Lord Bute, and returned in the evening with his host, Sir Joseph Bailey, to Llanusk. The Prince was heartily cheered by great crowds of people, who filled the streets along which the Royal procession passed. The Duke, on the 18th, laid the foundation-stone of a new public hall at Crickhowell, where he was received with enthusiasm. In the course of a short speech he said it would be a source of the greatest satisfaction to the Queen and his parents to hear of the great success of his visit to the Principality. He left for Balmoral in the evening. Major Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, is gazetted honorary Colonel of the 4th (Prince Albert Victor's Own) Bombay Cavalry (Poona Horse).



GORDALE SCAR.

every side only the unpolluted workings of nature, to trouble ourselves as to what kind of fate awaits these waters as they flow with augmented volume by Bingley or Leeds? Above the great scar of the Cove the green moors—home of the curlew and the plover—are piled up, till at length they reach a height of more than two thousand feet; but when we stand well beneath the crag itself—and it is only from such a position that we properly realise the true majesty of its proportions—nothing of this is



## FOREIGN NEWS.

President Carnot and M. De Freycinet were present at a grand review with which the manoeuvres in the neighbourhood of Cambrai were brought to a close on Sept. 18. At a banquet which followed, M. Carnot proposed the toast of "France and her Army," to which M. De Freycinet, as Minister of War,



M. RESPINI,  
PRESIDENT OF THE CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT.



COLONEL KÜNZLI,  
FEDERAL COMMISSIONER FROM BERNE.

trucks of a goods train that had been overturned on to the line. The engine and five carriages were thrown down the embankment into the rocky bed of a river. Twenty-two persons are stated to have been killed, and thirty injured.

Lord Stanley of Preston, the Governor-General of Canada, opened the Central Fair at Ottawa, on Sept. 23. He said that



M. RAINALDO SIMEN,  
PRESIDENT OF THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT.

some manoeuvres, was entertained at dinner by the officers. The Prince was received with enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty, and subsequently left to meet his sister, the Duchess Maximilian of Bavaria, whom he accompanied to Sandrovo, near Varna.

Sept. 22 was the anniversary of the birthday of Abdul Hamid II., Sultan of Turkey, his Imperial Majesty having been born on that date in 1842. He was proclaimed Sultan on Aug. 31, 1876.

The statue to Horace Greeley, erected in front of the *Tribune* office in New York, was unveiled on Sept. 20, when Mr. Chauncey Depew delivered an oration.—A terrible railway accident took place on the Philadelphia and Reading Railway on the night of Sept. 19. An express train dashed into two

responded. The French Squadron, under Admiral Duperre, consisting of eleven ironclads, sailed from Toulon on the 18th, to visit the southern and eastern coasts of the Mediterranean.—Two more duels have been fought, the result of disputes arising out of the recent Boulangist revelations. In one M. Millevoye, a Boulangist deputy, was wounded in the right hand; and in the other, M. Chiche, also a deputy owing allegiance to the same party, received a wound in the right forearm.—The Anti-Slavery Congress initiated by Cardinal Lavigerie was opened at Paris on the 22nd, M. Keller being elected President, and Count Renbecq Secretary-General. A number of resolutions were passed on the 23rd, suggesting, among other things, the furtherance of the objects of the congress by means of national committees. At the close of the sitting Cardinal Lavigerie warmly embraced Mr. Allen, the representative of the British Anti-Slavery Society.—Floods have occurred in various parts of France, doing very great injury to the grape crops. At Marseilles several houses, which had been undermined, fell, and in one case two persons were drowned.

An equestrian statue to the late King Victor Emmanuel, which has been erected in the centre of Florence, was unveiled on Sept. 20, in the presence of the Royal family. A crowd of spectators witnessed the ceremony, and the event constituted a remarkable demonstration of loyalty to the reigning dynasty. The new Italian ironclad, the *Sardegna*, was launched on the same day at Spezia. The vessel was christened by the Duchess of Genoa, who, with the Duke, represented the King and Queen at the ceremony. The event was announced by a Royal salute from the Mediterranean Squadron, which in the evening was illuminated.

The King of Portugal received, on Sept. 19, the Councillors of State, who had been summoned to consider the crisis, and afterwards entrusted Senhor Ferrao Martens with the formation of a new Cabinet.

The German military manoeuvres in Silesia (of which an account is given in another column) terminated on Sept. 20, and the German and Austrian Emperors took leave of each other at Liegnitz. The Emperor William paid a visit to Count Von Moltke on his way to Breslau. The Duke of Connaught, Prince Leopold of Prussia, and Chancellor Von Caprivi arrived in Berlin in the evening from the Silesian manoeuvres. The Duke and the Prince at once proceeded to Castle Glienicke, at Potsdam. The Duchess of Connaught has been appointed by the German Emperor to the honorary colonelcy of the 8th Brandenburg Infantry Regiment, which bears the name of her father, the late Prince Frederick Charles. The Empress Frederick, accompanied by her daughters and Sir Henry Layard, has left Venice for the castle of Count Brandolin.—The official denial of the reported sanction by Germany of slave-dealing in Africa is repeated and confirmed, and a full explanation of the circumstances has been telegraphed to the German Foreign Office by their representative at Zanzibar.—Dr. Peters addressed a numerous gathering in Hanover on the 20th, in which he expatiated upon the difficulties and obstacles which he had to encounter during his expedition in East Africa. He also stated that the treaties he had concluded with the chiefs south of the Victoria Nyanza had since been ratified by the German Government.

The Empress of Austria landed at Tangier on Sept. 19. Her Majesty visited various places of interest, and left in the evening for Oran.—The Emperor's brother, Archduke Charles Louis, and the Archduchess Maria Theresa, took possession of their newly acquired Hungarian property on the 20th, and were received with great enthusiasm.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria inspected the military camp at Koula recently, and, after

the effect of the passage of the McKinley Tariff Bill by the United States Congress would be to put Canada on her mettle and induce her to develop her resources.

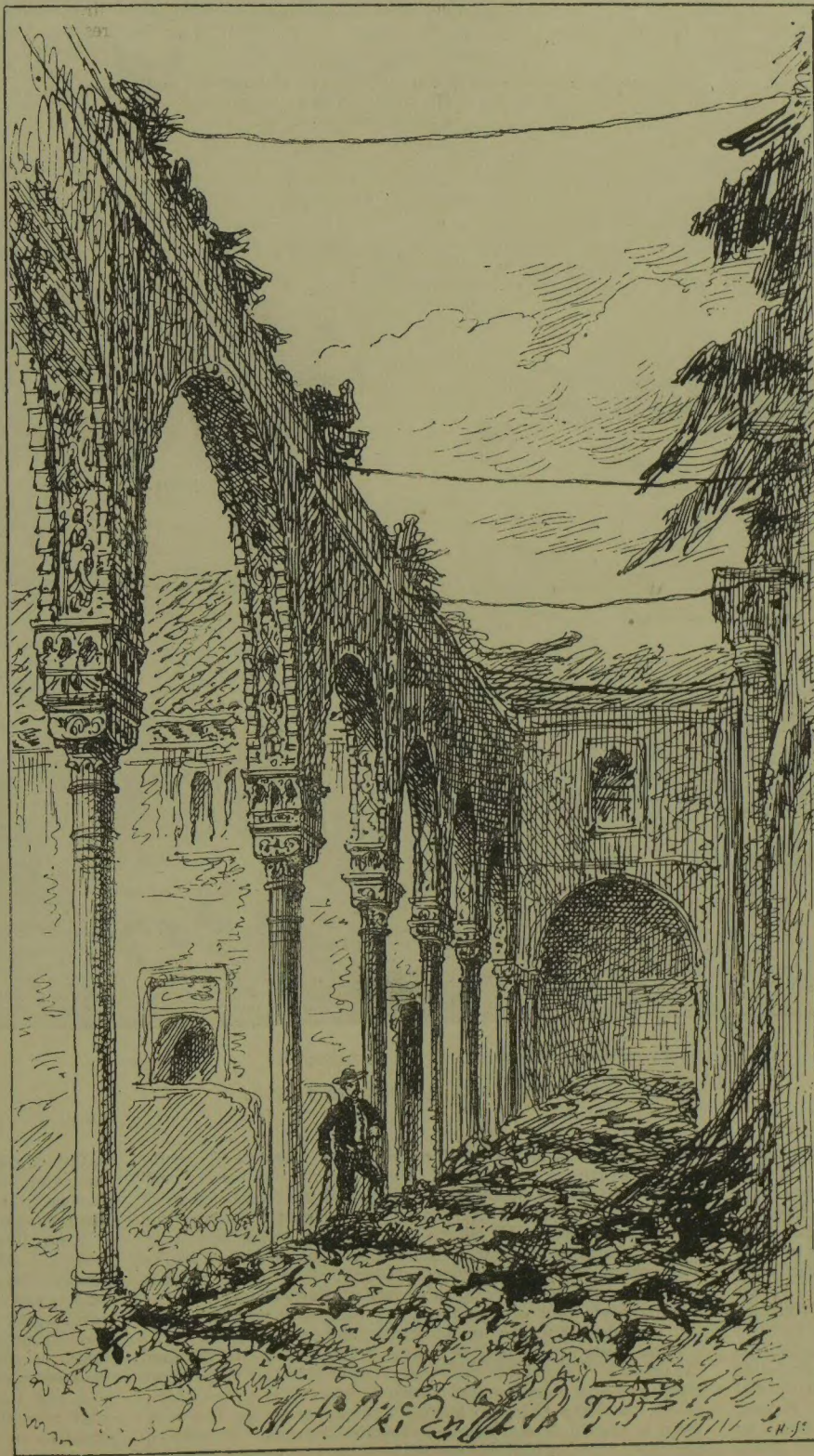
A small rising having occurred in Cambay, a native State in India, some British troops were sent to the assistance of the Nawab. In an affray with the mob thirteen of the Nawab's subjects were killed and twenty wounded.—Serious riots have occurred in Goa, the Portuguese Indian colony, during the progress of the municipal elections. The people hurled bombs, it is said, at the soldiers, who retaliated by shooting some of their assailants.

## FIRE AT THE ALHAMBRA, IN SPAIN.

One of the most famous buildings in Europe, celebrated in history, romance, and song, the Alhambra Palace of the Moorish Kings of Granada, has narrowly escaped destruction. On the night of Sept. 15, a fire broke out in that part of the Alhambra known as the Patio de Alberca, situated close to the Patio de los Leones, or Court of the Lions, and the Tocador de la Reina, or Queen's Dressing-room. It was feared that the mischief would assume very disastrous proportions, and that the unique and beautiful Arabic pile would be burned, but the fire was got under with comparatively little damage. When the news reached the neighbouring city, thousands of people flocked to the scene, to find, on arriving, that the whole of the upper part of the gallery on the right side of the Arrayanes Court was ablaze. To prevent the conflagration from spreading, a successful attempt was made to isolate the burning portion, while men and women of every class, including several ladies, assisted the firemen. Water was obtained from the tanks and fountains in the various courts. After several hours' incessant work the fire was at length extinguished in the early hours of the morning. The portion burnt comprises the magnificent Sala de la Barca and the right wing of the Arrayanes Court. The remainder of the building was saved. Eight persons were slightly injured.

## TICINO AND THE CANTONAL REVOLUTION.

The affairs of the Canton of Ticino, since the local revolution quickly effected at Bellinzona on Sept. 11, seem to be in a fair way of peaceable and constitutional settlement. That Canton, with a population of 130,777, speaking Italian and professing the Roman Catholic religion, is a member of the Swiss Confederation, sharing proportionably in the election of the Swiss National Assembly and Senate, who appoint the Federal Government, consisting of seven Executive Councillors. But each Canton enjoys Home Rule, having its own Legislative Council and Executive, and their electoral laws are different. If a certain proportion of the electors—in Ticino the requisite number is 10,000—sign a demand for a constituent assembly to make any proposed amendment of these laws, they have a constitutional right to this opportunity of making the desired change. In Ticino, last August, 12,000 of the Liberal Party, dissatisfied with the monopoly of office by the Clerical or so-called Conservative Party ever since 1873, and with some gross abuses in the financial administration, formally made this demand, which was illegally rejected by the "Councillors of State" at Bellinzona. Therefore, on Sept. 11, a kind of revolution took place, which seems to have been justifiable, and which was not accomplished with unnecessary violence by its leaders—namely, M. Rainaldo Simen, editor of the journal *Il Docere*; three barristers, Messrs. Perruchi, Bruni, and Battaglini; and M. Lepori, a civil engineer, formerly employed, with the rank of Bey, in the service of the Khedive



FIRE IN THE ALHAMBRA PALACE AT GRANADA, IN SPAIN: GALLERY OF THE PATIO DE ALBERCA.





1. Locarno, on the Lago Maggiore.

2. Bellinzona.

3. Lugano.

## TOWNS IN THE CANTON OF TICINO.

of Egypt. The town was entered by bands of armed citizens from all parts of the Canton: they took possession of the arsenal and store of arms, while thirty of the leading men entered the Government House, arrested M. Gioachino Respini, the President, and the other Councillors of State, and sent them to prison; only one, M. Rossi, rashly attempting to force his way out, was killed on the stairs, perhaps accidentally, by a revolver-shot fired by somebody in the crowd below. A Provisional Government was formed, with M. Simen as President, to keep order; and a Tree of Liberty was erected in front of the clock-tower in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, but no acts of disorder followed. The act was immediately communicated to the Federal Government at Berne, which sent a Special Commissioner, Colonel Künzli, with two battalions of Federal troops; these were met on the road to Bellinzona by municipal and popular deputations, with flags and bands of music, greeting the representative of the Federal

authority. Colonel Künzli ordered the deposed Councillors of State to be released from prison, but instead of restoring them to office, which they had forfeited, issued a proclamation assuming the charge of government during the interregnum, while M. Simen and his colleagues left their posts on friendly terms with the Federal Commissioner, walking out together with Colonel Künzli in presence of five hundred of the people. By a decree of the Federal Government, the election of the Cantonal Assembly was fixed for Oct. 5, to decide on the amendment of the Constitution.

The Canton of Ticino, or Tessin, as the French call it, from the name of the Alpine river which flows into the Lago Maggiore, opposite Locarno, and which is the outlet of that lake below, at Sesto Calende, thence flowing across the Lombard plain to the Po, is well known to English tourists. It occupies the upper parts of both shores of the lake, and extends beyond the Lake of Lugano eastward, in the direction of the Lake

of Como. This territory was purchased by the Swiss Confederation, in 1418, from its feudal lords, the Barons of Misocco, and was defended by Swiss valour, in the fifteenth century, against the forces of the Visconti and Sforza, Dukes of Milan, never indeed having belonged to any Italian State, though Napoleon, in 1810, pretended to annex it to his Government of Lombardy, because he said it afforded a passage for English trade through Switzerland to Italy. The Federal Government has recently undertaken grand works of fortification towards its Italian frontier; these commence above Airolo, at the mouth of the St. Gothard railway tunnel, and command the line, with the river Ticino, down to Biasca; the forts and batteries, and five armour-plated towers, are armed with powerful guns. Our Sketches show the picturesque situation of Bellinzona, Locarno, and Lugano, the three chief towns of the Canton of Ticino, which have quite an Italian aspect.





DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

"I will not trust you," she screamed, in arms again, straining at those horrid red wrists of hers and glaring on us.

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.



## THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOID.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Strange, eventful, and bloody were the incidents that followed. King Edward, burning for glory, had landed in Normandy a little time before, had knighted on these yellow beaches that gallant boy his son, and with the young Prince and some fourteen thousand English troops, ten thousand wild Welshmen, and six thousand Irish, pillaging and destroying as he went, he had marched straight into the heart of unready France. With that handful of men he had burnt all the ships in Hogue, Barfleur, and Cherbourg; he had stormed Montebourg, Carentan, St. Lo, and Valognes, sending a thousand sails laden with booty back to England, and now, day by day, he was pressing southward through his fair rebellious territories, deriding the French King in his own country, and taking tithe and taxes in rough fashion with fire and sword.

Nor had we who came late far to seek for the Sovereign. His whereabouts was well enough to be told by the rolling smoke that drifted heavily to leeward of his marching columns and the broad trail of desolation through the smiling country that marked his stern progress. To travel that sad road was to see naked War stripped of all her excusing pageantry, to see grey desolation and lean sorrow following in the gay train of victory.

Gods! it was a sad path. Here, as we rode along, would lie the still smouldering ashes of a burnt village, black and grey in the smiling August sunshine. In such a hamlet, perhaps, across a threshold, his mouth agape and staring eyes fixed on the unmoved heavens, would lie a peasant herdsman, his right hand still grasping the humble weapon wherewith he had sought to protect his home, and the black wound in his breast showing whence his spirit had fled indignant to the dim Place of Explanations.

Neither women nor babes were exempt from that fierce ruin. Once we passed a white and silent mother lying dead in mid-path, and the babe, still clasped in her stiff arms, was ruddy and hungry, and beat with tiny hands to wake her, and crowded angry at its failure, and whimpered so pitiful and small, and was so unwotting of the merry game of war and all it meant, that the laughter and talk died away upon the lips of those with me as, one by one, we paced slowly past that melancholy thing.

At another time, I remember, we came to where a little maid of some three tender years was sitting weaving flowers on the black pile of a ruined cottage, that, though her small mind did not grasp it, hid the charred bodies of all her people. She twined those white-and-yellow daisies with fair smooth hands, and was so sunny in the face and trustful-eyed I could not leave her to marauding Irish spears, or the cruel wolfdogs who would come for her at sunset. I turned my impatient charger into the black ruin, and, maugre that little maid's consent, plucked her from the ashes, and rode with her upon my saddle-bow until we met an honest-seeming peasant woman. To her I gave the waif, with a silver crown for patrimony.

Out in the open the broad stream of war had spread itself. The yellow harvests were trodden under foot, and hedge and fence were broken. The plough stood halfway through the furrow, and the reaper was dead with the sickle in his hand. Here, as we rode, went up to heaven the smoke of coppice and homestead; and there, from the rocks hanging over our path, luckless maids and widowed matrons would howl and spit upon us in their wild grief, cursing us in going, in coming, in peace and in war, while they loaded the frightened echoes with their shrieks and wailings.

Now and then, on grass and roadside, were dark patches of new-dried blood, and by them, maybe, lay country cloaks and caps and weapons. There we knew men had fallen singly, and had long lain wounded or dead, until their friends had taken them to grave or shelter. Out in the open again, where skirmishes had happened and bill and bow or spear had met their like, the dead lay thicker. Gods! how drear those fair French fields did lie in the autumn moonlight, with their scattered dead in twos and threes and knots and clusters! There were some who sprawled upon the ground—still clutching in their dead white fingers the grass and earth torn up in the moment of their agony. And here was he who scowled with dead white eyes on the pale starlight, one hand on his broken hilt and the other fast gripped upon the spear that pinned him to the earth. Near him was a fair boy, dead, with the shriek still seeming upon his livid lips, and the horrid rent in his bosom that had let out his soul looming black in the gloom. Yonder a tall trooper still stared out grimly after the English, and smiled in death with a clothyard shaft buried to the feather in his heart. Some there were of these horrid dead who still lay in grapple as they had fallen—the stalwart Saxon and the bronzed Gaul with iron fingers on each other's throats, smiling their black hatred into each other's bloodless white faces. Others, again, lay about whose arms were fixed in air, seeming still to implore with bloody fingers compassion from the placid sky.

One man I saw had died stroking the thin, pain-streaked muzzle of his wounded charger—his friend, maybe, for years in camp and march. Indeed, among many sorrowful things of that midnight field, the dead and dying horses were not least. It moved me to compassion to hear their pain-fraught whinnies on every hand, and to see them lying so stiff and stark in the bloody hollows their hoofs had scooped through hours of untempered anguish. What could I do for all those many? But before one I stopped, and regarded him with stern compassion many a minute. He was a splendid black horse, of magnificent size and strength; and not even the coat of blood and mud with which his sweating sides were covered could hide, here and there, the care that had but lately groomed and tended him. He lay dying on a great sheet of his own red blood, and as I looked I saw his tasselled mane had been platted not long before by some soft skilful fingers, and at every point was a bow of ribbon, such as might well have been taken from a lady's hair to honour the war-horse of a favourite knight. That great beast was moaning there, in the stillness, thinking himself forgotten, but when I came and stood over him he made a shift to lift his shapely head, and looked at me entreatingly, with black hanging tongue and thirst-fervent eyes, the while his doomed sides heaved and his hot dry breath came hissing forth upon the quiet air. Well I knew what he asked for, and, turning aside, I found a trooper's empty helmet, and, filling it from the willowed brook that ran at the bottom of the slope, came back and knelt by that good horse, and took his head upon my knee and let him drink. Jove! how glad he was! Forgotten for the moment was the battle and his wounds, forgotten was neglect and the long hours of pain and sorrow! The limpid water went gurgling down his thirsty throat, and every happy gasp he gave spoke of that transient pleasure. And then, as the last bright drops flashed in the moonlight about his velvet nozzle, I laid one hand across his eyes and with the other drew my keen dagger—and, with gentle remorselessness, plunged it to the

hilt into his broad neck, and with a single shiver the great war-horse died!

In truth, 'twas a melancholy place. On the midnight wind came the wail of women seeking for their kindred, and the howl and fighting of hungry dogs at ghastly meals, the smell of blood and war—of smouldering huts and black ruins! A stern pastime, this, and it is as well the soldier goes back upon his tracks so seldom!

We passed two days through such sights as I have noted, meeting many a heavy convoy of spoil on its way to the coast, and not a few of our own wounded wending back, luckless and sad, to England; and then on the following evening we came upon the English rear, and were shortly afterwards part and parcel of as desperate and glorious an enterprise as any that was ever entered in the red chronicles of war. From the coast right up to the white walls of the fair capital itself, King Edward's stern orders were to pillage and kill and spoil the country, so that there should be left no sustenance for an enemy behind. I have told you how the cruel Irish mercenaries and the loose soldiers of a baser sort accomplished the command. Our English archers and the light-armed Welsh, who scoured the front, were mild in their methods compared to them. They mayhap disturbed the quiet of some rustic villages, and in thirsty frolics broached the kegs of red vintage in captured inns, robbed hen-roosts, and kissed matrons and set maids screaming, but they, unlike the others, had some touch of ruth within their rugged bosoms. But, as for keeps and castles, we stormed and sacked them as we went, and he alone was rogue and rascal who was last into the breach. Our wild kerns and escaladers rioting in those lordly halls, many a sight of cruel pillage did I see, and many a time watched the red flame bursting from the embrasures and windows of these fair baronial homes, and could not stay it. The Frenchmen in these cases, such as them as were not away with the army we hoped to find, fought brave and stubborn, and we piled their dead bodies up in their own courtyards. Many a comely dame and damsel did I watch wringing white hands above these ghastly heaps, and tearing loose locks of raven hair in piteous appeal to unmoved skies, the while the yellow flames of their comely halls went roaring from floor to floor, and in mockery of their sobs, crashing towers and staircases mingled with the yells of the defenders and the shouting of the pillage.

I fear long ages begin to sap my fibre! There was a time when I would have sat my war-horse in the courtyard and could have watched the red blood streaming down the gutters and listened to the shrieking as cold amid the ruin as any Viking on a hostile conquered strand. But, somehow, with this steel panoply of mine I had put on softer moods; I am degenerate by the pretty theories of what they called their chivalry.

Far be it from me to say the English army was all one pack of bloodhounds. War is ever a rough game, the country was foreign, and the adventure we were on was bold and desperate, therefore these things were done, and chiefly by the unruly regiments, and the scullion Irish who followed in our rear, led by knights of ill-repute, or none. These hung like carrion crows about our flanks and rear, and, after each fight, stole armour from dead warriors bolder hands had slain, and burnt, and thieved from high and low, and butchered, like the beasts of prey they were.

On one occasion, I remember, a skirmish befell shortly after we joined the main army, and a French noble, in their charge, was unhorsed upon our front by an English archer. Now, I happened to be the only mounted man just there, and as this silver shining prize staggered to his feet, and went scampering back towards his friends with all his rich sheathing safe upon his back, his gold chains rattling on his iron bosom, and his jewelled belt sparkling as he fled, a savage old English swashbuckler, whose horse was hamstring—Sir John Elkington they called him—fairly wrung his hands.

"After him, Sir Knight," screamed that unchivalrous ruffian to me, "after him, in the name of hell! If thou rid'st hard he cannot get away, and *run thy spear in under his gorget so as not to spoil his armour*—'tis worth, at least, a hundred shillings."

I never moved a muscle, did not even deign to look down at that cruel churl. Whereon the grizzly old boar-head clapped his hand upon his dagger and turned on me—ah! by the light of heaven, he did.

"What! not going, you lazy braggart!" he shouted, beside himself with rage—"not going, for such a prize? Beast—scullion—coward!"

"Coward!" Had I lived more than a thousand years in a soldier-saddle to be cowarded by such a hoary whelp of butchery—such a damnable old taint on the honourable trade of arms? I spun my charger round, and with my gloved left hand seized that bully by his ragged beard, and perked him here and there; lifted him fairly off his feet; stretched his corded, knotted throat till his breath came thick and hard; jerked and pulled and twisted him—then cast the ruffian loose, and, drawing my square iron foot from my burnished stirrup, spurned him here and there, and kicked and pommelled him, and so at last drove him howling down the hill, all forgetful for the moment of prize and pillage!

These lawless soldiers were the disgrace of our camp, they did so rant and roar if all went well and when the battle was fairly won whereto they had not entered; they were so coward and cruel among the prisoners or helpless that we would gladly have been rid of them if we could.

But, after the manner of the time, the war was open to all: behind the flower of English chivalry who rode round the Sovereign's standard, and the gallant bill and bow-men who wore his livery and took his pay, observing the decencies of war, came hustling and crowding after us a host of rude mercenaries, a horde of ragged adventurers, who knew nothing of honour or chivalry, and had no canons but to plunder, ravish, and destroy.

They made a trade of every villany just outside the camp, where, with scoundrel hawkers who followed behind us like lean vultures, they dealt in dead men's goods, bought mails and matrons, and sold armour or plunder under our marshal's very eyes.

One day, I remember, I and my shadow Flamaucœur were riding home after scouting some miles along the French lines without adventure, when, entering our camp by the pickets farthest removed from the Royal quarter, we saw a crowd of Irish kerns behind the wood where the King had stocked his baggage, all laughing round some common object. Now, these Irish were the most turbulent and dissolute fighters in the army. Such shock-headed, fiery ruffians never before called themselves Christian soldiers. They and the Welsh were for ever at feud; but, whereas the Welshmen were brave and submissive to their chiefs, keen in war, tender of honour, fond of wine-cups and minstrels—gallant, free soldiers, indeed, just as I had known their kin a thousand years before: these savage kerns, on the other hand, were remorseless villains, rude and wild in camp, and cutthroat rascals, without compunction, when a fight was over. In ordinary circumstances we should have ridden by these noisy rogues, for they cared not a jot for anyone less than the Camp Marshal with a string of billmen behind him, and feuds between knights

of King Edward's table and these shock-haired kerns were unseemly. But on this occasion, over the hustling ring of rough soldiers, as we sat high-perched upon our Flemish chargers, we saw a woman's form, and craned our necks and turned a little from our course to watch what new devilry they were up to.

There, in the midst of that lawless gang of ruffian soldiers, their bronzed and grinning faces hedging a space in with a leering, compassionless wall, was a fair French girl, all wild and torn with misadventure, her smooth cheeks unwashed and scarred with tears, her black hair wild and tangled on her back, her skirt and bodice rent and muddy, fear and shame and anger flying alternate over the white field of her comely face, while her wistful eyes-kept wandering here and there amid that grinning crowd for a look of compunction or a chance of rescue. The poor maid was standing upon an overturned box such as was used to carry cross-bow bolts in, her hands tied hard together in front, her captor by her side, and as we came near unnoticed he put her up for sale.

"By Congal of the Bloody Fingers," said that cruel kern in answer to the laughing questions of his comrades, interlarding his speech with many fiery and horrid oaths, the which I spare you—"I found this accursed little witch this morning hiding among the rubbish of yonder cottages our boys pulled to pieces in the valley; and, as I could not light on better ware, I dragged her here. But may I roast for ever if I will have anything more to do with her. She is a tigress, a little she-devil. I have thrashed and beat and kicked her, but I cannot get the spirit out. Let some other fellow try, and may Heaven wither him if he turns her loose near me again! Now then, what will the best of you give? She is a little travel-stained, perhaps—that comes of our march hither, and our subsequent disagreements—but all right otherwise, and, an someone could cure her of her spitefire nature and make her amenable to reason, she would be an ornament to any tent. Now you, Borghil, for instance—it was you, I think, who split the mother's skull this morning—give me a bid for the daughter: you are not often bashful in such a case as this."

"A penny then!" sang out Borghil of the Red Beard; "and, with maids as cheap as they be hereabouts, she's dear at that," and, while the laughter and jest went round, those rude islanders bid point by point for the unhappy girl who writhed and crouched before them. What could I do? Well I knew the vows my golden spurs put upon me, and the policy my borrowed knighthood warranted—and yet, she was not of gentle birth—'twas but the fortune of war. If men risked lives in that stern game, why should not maids risk something too? King Edward hated turmoil in the camp, and here on desperate venture, far in a hostile country, my soldier instinct rose against kindling such a blaze as would have burst out among these lawless hot-tempered kerns, had I but drawn my sword a foot from its scabbard. And, thinking thus, I sat there with bent head scowling behind my visor-bars, and turning my eyes now to my ready hilt that shone so convenient at my thigh, and anon to the tall Normandy maid, so fair, so pitiful, and in such sorry straits.

While I sat thus uncertain, the girl's price had gone up to fivepence, and, there being no one to give more, she was about to be handed over to an evil-looking fellow with a scar destroying one eye, and dividing his nose with a hideous yellow seam that went across his face from temple to chin. This gross mercenary had almost told the five coins into the blood-smudged hand of the other Irishman, and the bargain was near complete, when, to my surprise, Flamaucœur, who had been watching behind me, pushed his charger boldly to the front, and cried out in that smooth voice of his, "Wait a spell, my friends! I think the maid is worth another coin or two!" and he plunged his hand into the wallet that hung beside his dagger.

This interruption surprised everyone, and for a moment there was a hush in the circle. Then he of the one eye, with a very wicked scowl, produced and bid another penny, the which Flamaucœur immediately capped by yet another. Each put down two more, and then the Celt came to the bottom of his store, and, with a monstrous oath, swept back his money, and, commending the maid and Flamaucœur to the bottommost pit of hell, backed off amid his laughing friends.

Not a wit disconcerted, my peaceful gallant rode up to the grim purveyor of that melancholy chattel, and having paid the silver, with a calm indifference which it shocked me much to see, unwound a few feet of the halter-ropes depending from his Fleming's crupper. The loose end of this the man wound round and tied upon the twisted withies wherewith the maid's white wrists were fastened.

Such an escape from the difficulty had never occurred to my slower mind, and now, when my lad turned towards the quarter where his tent lay, and, apparently mighty content with himself, stepped his charger out with the unhappy girl trailing along at his side, his lightness greatly pained me. Nor was I pleased by the laughter and gibes of English squires and knights who met us.

"Hullo! you valorous two," called out a mounted captain, "whose hen-roosts have you been robbing?" And then another said, "Faith! they've been recruiting," and again, "'Tis a new page they've got to buckle them up and smooth their soldier pillows." All this was hard to bear, and I saw that even Flamaucœur hung his head a little and presently rode along by byways less frequented. At one time he turned to me most innocent-like and said—

"Such a friend as this is just what I have been needing ever since I left the English shore."

"Indeed!" I answered, sardonically, "I do confess I am more surprised than perhaps I should be. It is as charming a handmaid as any knight could wish. Shall you send one of those long raven tresses home to thy absent lady with thy next budget of sighs and true-love tokens?"

But Flamaucœur shook his head, and said I misunderstood him bitterly. He was going on to say he meant to free the maid "to-morrow or the next day," when we turned a corner in our martial village street, and pulled up at our own tent doors.

Now, that Breton girl had submitted so far to be dragged along in a manner of lethargy born of her sick heart and misery, but when we stayed our chargers the very pause aroused her. She drew her poor frightened wits together and glared first at us, and then at our knightly pennons fluttering over the white lintels of our lodgment; then, jumping to some dreadful, sad conclusion, she fired up as fierce and sudden as a trapped tigress when the last outlet is closed upon her. She stamped and raged, and twisted her fair white arms until the rough withies on her wrists cut deep into the tender flesh and the red blood went twining down to her torn and open bodice; she screamed, and writhed, and struggled against the glossy side of that gentle and mighty war-horse, who looked back wondering on her and sniffed her flagrant sorrow with wide velvet nostrils—no more moved than a grey crag by the beating of a summer sea—and then she turned on us.

Gads! She swore at us in such mellow Bisque as might have made a hardened trooper curvish! Cursed us and our chivalry, called us forsworn knights, stains upon manhood, dogs and vampires!—then dropped upon her knee, and there suppliant, locked her swollen and bloody hands, and, with



the hot white tears sparkling in her red and weary eyes, knelt to us, and in the wild tearful grief of her people, "for the honour of our mothers, and for the sake of the bright distant maid we loved," begged mercy and freedom.

And all through that storm of wild, sweet grief that callous libertine, Flamaucœur, made no show of freeing her. He sat his prick-eared, wondering charger, stared at the maid, and fingered his dagger-chain as though perplexed and doubtful. The hot torrent of that poor girl's misery seemed to daze and tie his tongue; he made no sign of commiseration and no movement, until at last I could stand it no longer. Wheeling round my war-horse, so that I could shake my mailed fist in the face of that sapling villain—

"By the light of day!" I burst out, half in wrath and half inamused bewilderment, "this goes too far. Why, Flamaucœur, can you not see this is a maid in a hundred, and one who well deserves to keep that which she asks for? Jove! man, if you must have a handmaiden, why, the country swarms with forlorn ones who will glad compound with fate by accepting the protection of thy tent. But this one!—come!—let my friendship go in pawn against her, and free the maid. If you must have something more solid—still, set her free, unharmed, and I will give thee a helmetful of pennies—that is to say, on the first time that I own so many."

But Flamaucœur laughed more scornfully than he often did, and, muttering that we were "all fools together," turned from me to the wild thing at his side.

"Look here," he said, "you mad girl. Come into my tent and I will explain everything. You shall be all unharmed, I vow it, and free to leave me if you will not stop—this is all mad folly, though out here I cannot tell you why."

"I will not trust you," she screamed, in arms again, straining at those horrid red wrists of hers and glaring on us—"Mother of Christ!" she shouted, turning to a knot of squires and captains who had gathered around us—"for the dear Light of Heaven some of you free my wretched spirit with your maces, here—here—some friendly spear for this friendless bosom—one dagger-thrust to rid me from these cursed tyrants, and I will take the memory of my slayer straight to the seat of mercy and mix it for ever with my grateful prayers. Oh, in Christian charity unsheath a weapon!"

I saw that slim soldier Flamaucœur groan within his helmet at this, then down he bent. "Mad, mad girl!" I heard him say, and then followed a whisper which was lost between his hollow helmet and his prisoner's ear. Whatever it was, the effect was instantaneous and wonderful.

"Impossible!" burst out the French girl, starting away as far as the cords would let her, and eyeing her captor with surprise and amazement.

"'Tis truth, I swear it."

"Oh, impossible!—thou a"—

"Hush, hush," cried Flamaucœur, putting his hand upon the girl's mouth, and speaking again to her in his soft low voice, and as he did so her eyes ran over him, the fear and wonder slowly melted away, and then, presently, with a delighted smile at length shining behind her undried tears, she clasped and kissed his hand with a vast show of delight as ungoverned as her grief had been, and when he had freed her and descended from his charger, to our amazement, led rather than followed that knight most willing to his tent, and there let fall the flap behind them.

"Now that," said the King's jester, who had come up while this matter was passing—"that is what I call a truly persuasive tongue. I would give half my silver bells to know what magic that gentleman has that will get reason so quickly into an angry woman's head."

"If you knew that," quoth a stern old knight through the steel bars of his morion, "you might live a happy life, although you knew nothing else."

"Poor De Burg!" whispered a soldier near me. "He speaks with knowledge, for men say he owns a vixen, and is more honoured and feared here by the proud Frenchman than at his own fireside."

"Perhaps," suggested another to the laughing group, "he of the burning heart whispered that he had a double indulgence in his tent. Women will go anywhere and do anything when it is the Church which leads them by the nose."

"Or perhaps," put in another, looking at the last speaker—"perhaps he hinted that if the maid escaped from his hated clutches she would fall into thine, St. Caen, and she chose the lesser evil. It were an argument that would well warrant so sudden a conversion!"

"Well! Well!" quoth the fool, "we will not quarrel over the remembrance of the meat which another dog has carried off. Good-bye, fair Sirs, and may God give you all as efficient tongues as Sir Flamaucœur's when next you are bowered with your distant ladies!" and laughing and jesting among themselves the soldiers strolled away, leaving me to seek my solitary tent in no good frame of mind.

(To be continued.)

The Vandyck Room at Windsor Castle, which has been restored during the absence of the Queen and Court, is shown, with the other State apartments, on the usual days of admission to the palace.

## ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN OCTOBER.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon is near Saturn during the morning hours of the 10th and 11th, being to his right on the former and to his left on the latter morning. She is very near Mercury on the morning of the 12th, being a little to his right and a little higher. She is near Venus on the 17th, but the Moon is only two days old. She is near to the right of Mars on the evening of the 19th. She is near both Jupiter and Mars on the evening of the 20th, the Moon being between them, the planet Mars being to the right of the Moon, and Jupiter higher than the Moon and to her left; Mars is on the Meridian at 5h 23m p.m., the Moon at 5h 35m p.m., and Jupiter at 6h 26m p.m. She is very near Jupiter on the evening of the 21st, Jupiter being a little to the right of the Moon; on this evening Jupiter will be due south, at 6h 22m p.m., and the Moon at 6h 35m p.m. Her phases or times of change are:—

Last Quarter on the	5th at 23 minutes after 8h	In the afternoon.
New Moon	13th " 5 "	" 11 " afternoon.
First Quarter	21st " 37 "	" 5 " morning.
Full Moon	27th " 42 "	" 11 " afternoon.

She is most distant from the Earth on the 8th, and nearest to it on the 24th. Mercury is a morning star, rising on the 3rd at 5h 27m a.m., or 38 minutes before the Sun; on the 5th, at 5h 9m a.m., or 1h before the Sun; on the 10th, at 4h 40m, or 1h 37m before the Sun; on the 15th, at 4h 38m a.m., or 1h 47m before the Sun; on the 20th, at 4h 52m a.m., or 1h 40m before the Sun; on the 25th, at 5h 17m a.m., or 1h 25m a.m. before the Sun; and on the 30th, at 5h 45m a.m., or 1h 6m before sunrise. He is in ascending node on the 7th, stationary among the stars on the 8th, in perihelion on the 11th, near the Moon on the 12th, at his greatest western elongation, 18 deg. 5 min., on the 15th.

Venus sets on the 9th at 6h 24m p.m., or 1h 4m after the Sun; on the 19th, at 6h 4m p.m., or 1h 6m after the Sun; and on the 29th, at 5h 43m p.m., or 1h 6m after the Sun. She is near the Moon on the 17th, and at her greatest brilliancy on the 30th.

Mars is an evening star, setting on the 10th at 9h 12m p.m.; on the 20th, at 9h 9m p.m.; and on the 30th, at 9h 10m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 20th, and in perihelion on the 21st.

Jupiter sets on the 1st at 11h 51m p.m., on the 8th at 11h 27m p.m., on the 15th at 10h 50m p.m., and on the 23rd at 10h 15m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 20th, and in quadrature with the Sun on the 28th.

Saturn rises on the 1st at 3h 23m a.m., on the 8th at 3h 1m a.m., on the 15th at 2h 29m a.m., and on the 22nd at 1h 51m a.m. He is near the Moon on the 10th.

## FLIES.

Summer after summer an ever-growing ill arises among the children of men! Summer after summer the cry goes up—"Never were the flies such a nuisance before! never so tormenting as at the present time!" Summer after summer those of us who have read or heard about Domitian admire more and more the conduct of that egregious Emperor, and pray with increasing fervour that the attention of sportsmen may, by his illustrious example, be directed to this small unlicensed game. For nobody, probably, is prepared to deny—at least, in the month of August—that the house-fly is a troublesome insect, an insect, of course, created for some good purpose, but nevertheless a nuisance. Even King James, that second Hermes, if Bacon may be believed, went so far as to complain of him!

"Have I three kingdoms?" said that august monarch to the wretched intruder. "Have I three kingdoms for you to expatiate in, and you must needs fly in my eye?" Sterne, it is true, has a well-known sentimental story, generally introduced into children's primers and reading-books, about Uncle Toby tenderly putting a buzzing blue-bottle out of window, with an amiable and philosophic address to that insect touching the amplitude of the universe. But the man who is a Cato in his conceits may be a Catullus in his conduct. We have Sterne's own testimony to the fact that at Montpellier he was wont to partake of a *bovillon rafraichissant*, composed of a cock flayed alive and boiled with poppy seeds. As to Tennyson's young woman, the sweet-hearted one, whose light-blue eyes were tender over drowning flies, it may be supposed that the insects were not in her own plate of soup, or perhaps, like Leah, she was the victim of some chronic disorder in those organs requiring the services of an experienced oculist. In either case, let the galled jade wince—her withers are unwrung! Certainly she could never have lived in Cape Colony, where the mighty swarms of *Dipterous athericera* impart a certain value and propriety to the devil's name of Beelzebub, which, being interpreted, is the Lord of Flies, never, perhaps, perfectly appreciated elsewhere. But the Cape Colonists defend themselves thus: Having taken a large wisp of straw and dipped it in milk, they hang it to the ceiling. When this is covered with the enemy, they cautiously advance with a large sack, and, enclosing the wisp, shake it violently. And so, says their historian, they often bag as many as a bushel of flies in a day.

Numerous defences have been from time to time suggested against this plague of flies, which has troubled many more people than those of ancient Egypt. They have a marvellous antipathy, according to one man, to elder-leaves; according to another, to walnut; according to another, to rosemary; but you may sit in the centre of a very bower of these leaves, like a Jew at the Feast of Tabernacles, and be nothing bettered. It is extremely uncertain whether the cunning physician who recommended some time ago a mysterious preparation of sugar and white pepper and cream, recalling the tarts of Bedreddin Hassan in the "Arabian Nights," obtained any advantage from his prescription.

Corrosive sublimate is a capital dish, but there is death in it for others than flies. The lickerish curiosity of children, joined to their imperfect ideas of proprietary rights, has led not unfrequently, where this *plât* is laid upon the table, to disastrous results. Moreover, to use so deadly a drug for so light a purpose seems as incongruous as, in Pope's opinion, the application of sense or satire to the cure of Lord Hervey. He who poisons a common house-fly with corrosive sublimate is no distant relation of him who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel. The disadvantage of fly-papers is that the flies, after imbibing the poison, roam to a distance and burden inconveniently chosen situations, such as the dinner-table, with their corpses. Perhaps the semicircular glass vessel with the opening at the top, containing a little sweetened water, is our best bulwark, after all—but the wise housewife will never satisfy herself with drowning flies and nothing further. She knows well that as early as the days of Pliny it was discovered that drowned flies are easily resuscitated by sprinkling over them a small handful of warm ashes or simply exposing them to the sunshine. Much more information about flies, though perhaps not so well authenticated, is given us by the great natural historian. He is doubtless correct in his opinion that there is no animal less docile or of smaller intelligence. Posterity, though it has witnessed many ingenious exploits of fleas, has never yet attended an exhibition of performing flies. But to believe that the blood, or ashes, or the freshly decapitated head of a fly is a remedy for baldness is a faith that reason, without miracle, could never plant in us. The fly is known to be a cosmopolite, a citizen of the world; like Ulysses, he has observed the manners and customs of many men and cities, but there are places, says the Latin writer, where he is never seen. One of these is the vicinity of Mount Carina, in Candia, where a sort of honey is made which fills the fly with abhorrent loathing; another, doubtless owing to some reverence for the god, is the Chapel of Hercules, in the beast-market at Rome. The race of silver-winged flies which possess the empire of the air has been celebrated by other poets than Spenser; nevertheless, perhaps, than by the Spanish priest Villaciosa, in his "Mosquea." In this epic—an emulation of the Battle of the Frogs and Mice attributed to Homer—is sung the Battle of the Ants and Flies. The poem contains no less than a dozen cantos, and the gods intervene on both sides of the fight, as they are entreated to do in the contests of men. Ultimately, indeed, the flies are defeated with terrible slaughter, but the courage and capacity of their leader, well seconded by the trained regularity and faithful obedience of his troops, was worthy of a better fate.

The Prince's Refreshment Pavilion for cricketers in Regent's Park (of which we recently gave an Engraving) was erected through the exertions of Mr. Harry Furniss. A few years ago he wrote and illustrated an article in *Punch* attacking the hideous tents that were then in being, and they were taken away in consequence.

The annual congress of the British Homœopathic Association was held on Sept. 18 at Bournemouth, under the presidency of Dr. Charles H. Blackley, of Manchester, who gave an address on the progress and tendency of some of the methods of scientific research. Papers were also read by Dr. Richard Hughes, of Brighton, Dr. Drysdale, of Liverpool, and Dr. Edward Madden, on drugs, treatment, &c. Dr. Frost, of Bournemouth, acted as honorary local secretary.

The latest Parliamentary return on the subject of estates reverting to the Crown contains a summary of the receipts and expenditure of the Treasury Solicitor during the year 1889 in the administration of these estates, by reason of the owners thereof dying intestate without known heirs, illegitimate, or from lapsed legacies, &c. The total amount received during the year was no less than £98,759. The balances in hand at the commencement of the year were £313,551, and, after various payments (including £150,000 on account of "Crown's share of estates" and £103,673 for grants out of estates to successful claimants), the balances in hand at the close of the year were £141,465.

## ROUND LA BOURBOULE-LES-BAINS.

It is best to climb out of the valley, and, resting for one moment on the summit of the grey peak beyond the range of hills which completely shuts in the tiny town, to look downwards for a while on the brawling little stream and the toy houses that stand on either side, and then gaze upward to the towering brown hills which surround us, and which rise, peak beyond peak, summit beyond summit, until they are lost in the drifting grey mist that hangs ever about them.

It is very quiet here. From below rises, now and again, the sound of the many bells and the shrill horns which make La Bourboule the reverse of peaceable. Very far away we can hear the tinkle of a bell, as the patient oxen creep hither and thither among the sparse harvest-fields, dragging after them the curious long, slight waggon on its heavy wheels, into which the slender sheaves are lifted by the farmer and his wife and children, all of whom are helping to collect the buckwheat, which seems the staple food here; while now and again the shrill French voices reach us, calling to each other or to the oxen, as, their cart laden, they prop it up on either side, on its perilous descent to the valley; while the sure-footed oxen, with the heavy yoke on their broad foreheads, tread heavily and slowly down the precipice towards the tiny thatched homestead, where oxen and people alike rest from their labours, in a shelter that would most certainly be despised by the meanest peasant in all England.

We can see just inside one of the cottages as we rest on our peak, which was once the resting-place of one of the oldest châteaux in Auvergne. Old was it, say the guide-books, in 1315; and now nothing remains of its former grandeur, nothing at all; for all we can see is something like the stump of a venerable tooth, from the inside of which we can look down into the valley, and in at the open door of one of the hovels, called house by the thrifty peasants of the Auvergne. There is only one large room for all: three boxlike beds are arranged along one side of the wall, encased in striped blue and white cotton curtains; great logs burn on the hearth; there are a few chairs, a table, and what may be a cooking-stove, and that is all that we can see! Small provision this for the winter that is coming on swiftly, when the dense mist will fill in the valley and the snow will cover all with its silent mantle, rendering anything like locomotion out of the question, save in sledges, which appear to replace the carts and other vehicles for quite five months out of the cold, dreary year.

Yet it is impossible to think of snow this golden, beautiful, sunny afternoon. Here, out of the wind, which cuts clear and sharp like a knife, do we leave our shelter; we gaze into a dense blue sky, with not a cloud near us; all there are lie far away among the farther hills, and do not come within our ken at all. From La Bourboule the slender blue smoke climbs slowly up into the clear air, and away to the right lies the yet more open valley, with here and there a great grey hill lying separate and alone in the greenness, like some vast ante-diluvian animal resting in the sunshine and enjoying a calm slumber after the toils of the day. All through the green and marvellous valley chatters and scolds the busy, shallow streamlet of the Dordogne: here it runs merrily round a grey shallow; there it scampers, laughs, and chatters, as it climbs over and round the granite boulders in its course; and there, again, it widens out once more into a bright-brown stream, but only for a moment; rocks and shallows have once more to be encountered, until it comes out past the dark and tree-sheltered "Gorge of the Wolf," to play and chatter once more round the "Island of the beautiful flies"—island, by the way, about the size of one's pocket-handkerchief; "beautiful flies" represented by circling companies of as spiteful a set of gnats as ever it has been our lot to meet and battle with!

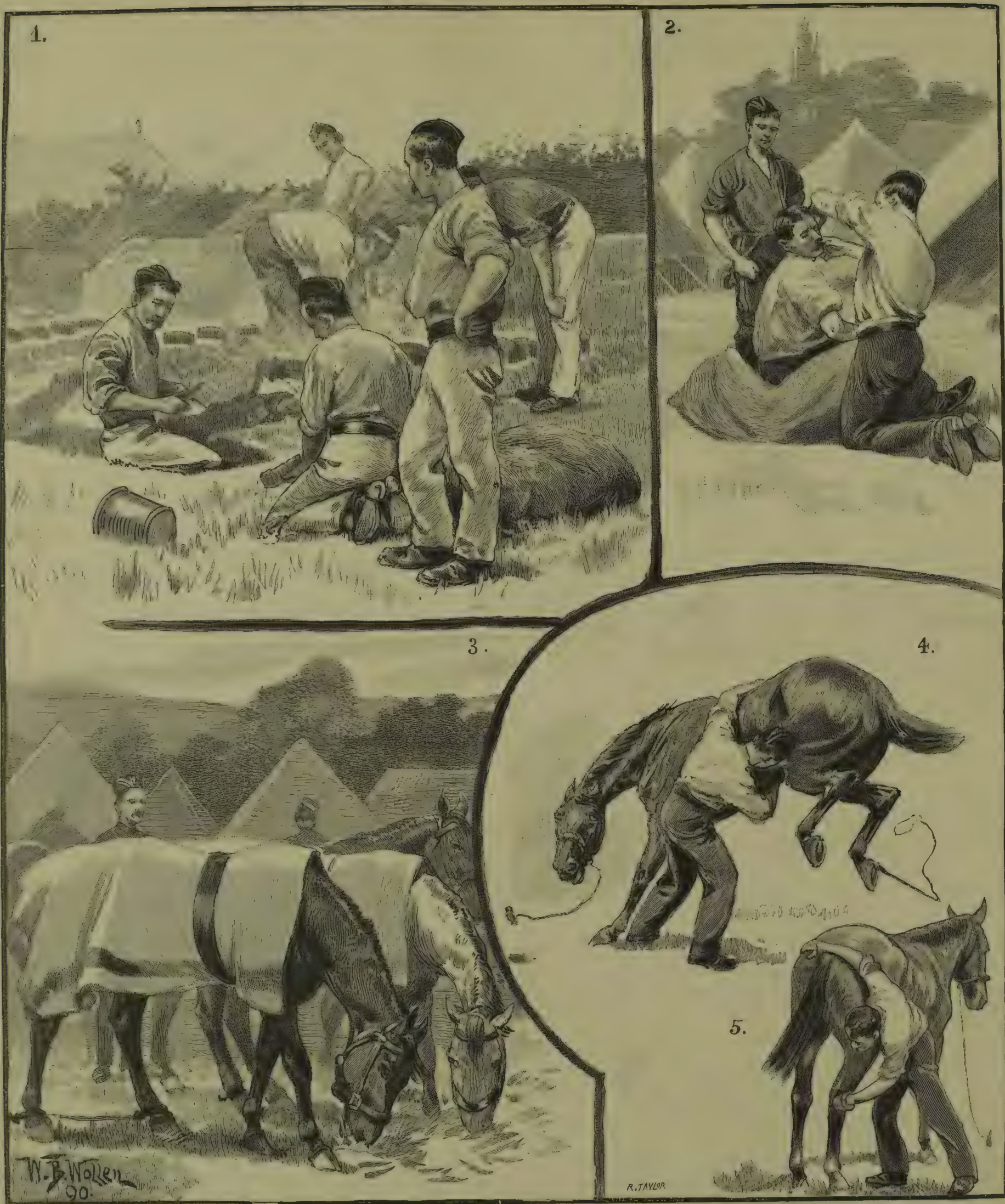
Up beyond the valley, past fields dark blue with gentian and purple with large wild pansies, and where the pale autumn crocus or saffron are coming out quickly one after the other, we reach the silent, beautiful woods. Here and there grey stumps of trees point out the progress of many a wild winter storm, while towering up, one above the other, stand splendid beeches, tall firs, and pine-trees clad in ivy and with their branches covered with a pale long moss, which appears as if the mists of centuries had congealed and clung there, hanging down in festoons; or like some old man's beard, which is left alone, untrimmed and untended, for his hands are too feeble to do the necessary work. Now listen for one moment as the wind sighs through the pine-trees and makes the air redolent of a thousand scents, for here is the voice of running waters talking to the birds that bathe among them, or to the trees that overshadow them, for down every cranny runs a clear pale stream of water, now dropping in musical cadence from the clinging mosses, now, growing bolder and stronger, leaping down the side of the hills and calling louder yet, as it springs from rock to rock in a cascade to meet the Dordogne in the valley.

Here grow ferns in their thousands, among willow-herb, and a hundred pale and curious flowers of which we do not even know the names; and we can follow the glittering, magnificent broad granite road with our eyes, as we sit at our ease, knowing how it winds round and round gradually, like a road seen in a dream, which ends nowhere; past thousands of such trees and flowers as we see, until, perhaps, it may reach another village, we cannot tell! The road is too long—far too long—for either ourselves or the faded overworked horses of the district, to follow out to the end; the horses do it, of course, but not with us behind them; it is too much misery to see their sore and beaten sides, their limping gait, and their broken-down wretchedness—well for them that the season is waning, and that there are nine months of comparative rest before them ere the tourists return to La Bourboule, and they have to put on once more the heavy-belted collars, the furled blinkers, the ornamental blue sheepskins, and fox-brush festoons which are their everyday attire.

As we feel the cold wind creep round even into our sunny little nook, we realise that evening is coming on; and as we rise, pausing for one more glimpse into the valley, we stay breathless, to contemplate the marvellous loveliness of the scene before us; the bells in the valley are ringing harder than ever, for dinner-time has come, and the wanderers among the hills have to be at once collected; the dogs bark distractedly; but for all that peace is around us, and we will hear nothing, save the Angelus ringing out from the damp, neglected church behind us, and the cow-bells chiming as the carts move slowly home. The valley is full of a liquid rose-coloured light, the hills beyond are gold and scarlet, while the sky above the Pic de Sancy glows deep red, the fleecy white clouds becoming crimson and hastening towards us over the clear delicate opal and pale-green, ever-changing sky; the sun begins to sink slowly away, and before we are back in the town the moon is rising, a myriad stars are glittering in the keen clear sky that in England would mean a frost, the clouds on the hills are pure white once more, and lie like masses of snow along the peaks that close in around us, as we descend to where the bells are ringing more madly than ever: the lights of the Casino are glittering beyond the bridge, and as we pass into our hotel we can see the eager crowd of gamblers round *les petits chevaux*, blind and deaf to the moonlight and the voice of the river, which, even in La Bourboule itself, with its crowd of health-seekers, are as lovely, well-nigh, as they are seen from our coign of vantage in the old château!

J. E. P.





1. Cooks.

2. The Regimental Barber.

3. "Done for the night."

4. An awkward one to groom, 14th Hussars.

5. A quiet one.

## THE AUTUMN CAVALRY MANŒUVRES: SKETCHES IN CAMP.

The manœuvres practised during a fortnight on the Berkshire Downs by two Brigades of Cavalry, with Horse Artillery, Mounted Infantry, and Field Telegraph Engineers attached, under the respective commands of Major-General Le Quesne and Colonel Liddell, and under the general direction of Sir Baker Russell, terminated on Saturday, Sept. 20. The principal action took place on Thursday, the 18th, which was the first exhibition of cavalry working really in masses; on the preceding field-days, indeed, there had been little more than regimental conflicts, and some attacks on batteries by detached squadrons. From the official report of the director, or umpire-in-chief, it would appear that the operations on the 18th showed a great want of training in brigade movements, and that some tactical errors were observed. In the first place, the guns opened fire at distances at which, in the opinion of the umpire and artillery officers, the fire could have had no

good effect, and which had the disadvantage of affording the enemy an opportunity of judging the position of the brigade. A regiment of the Western Force was about 400 yards in rear of the first line; its intended place was en échelon on the right rear. In reality, it was directly in rear of the right regiment—a fatal position. Another regiment formed line, and its advance to meet its opponents was over 300 or 400 yards only. Either it halted too long or it manœuvred too close to the enemy. "In large bodies," say our "Cavalry Regulations," "no manœuvres should take place within 500 yards of the enemy." Manœuvres in this paragraph mean changes of formation or of direction. The supporting regiment of the Western Force was not only on the wrong flank, in wooded ground, instead of in open ground on the proper flank, but it did not move either soon enough or rapidly enough to have exercised any influence on the action. Of the Eastern

Force, the second and third lines of the brigade were so far removed from the scene of action that they were non-effective; while the Brigadier had unfortunately taken up so distant a position that the control of the brigade as a homogeneous unit was impossible; and he could not modify his disposition to meet ever-changing dispositions. Finally, the slowness of the advance of this brigade was not in accordance with the spirit of its instructions. Nevertheless, the Eastern Force has received the award of victory, as its errors drew out the enemy prematurely, and he could not maintain his ground.

Our Sketches mostly refer to minor incidents of camp life, and require no particular explanation; but we also give one of a charge between two opposed squadrons, one of the 20th Hussars and one of the Royal Dragoons. The Inspector-General of Cavalry, Lieutenant-General Sir D. C. Drury-Lowe, was present as a member of the Headquarter Staff.





"THE EVE OF PARTING."—BY W. RAINY.



## CONCERNING BREAKFAST.

A good word—nay, many good words—may fitly be said for Breakfast: that is, by those who are sure of one—not like Charles Mathews in the farce, or the gentleman in Leigh Hunt's essay, who found it so difficult to satisfy his matutinal appetite! The opening meal of the day—the prologue to the day's drama—which, let us hope, will end neither in farce nor in tragedy—it comes, unlike our later repasts, with a constant aspect of novelty and freshness. The morning breaks with all its cheerful promise (and we never know what a day may bring forth—in a good sense any more than in an evil), we take our tub and say our prayers, like decent Christians; and, in the enjoyment of health (if we have 'scaped the influenza) and good spirits (if neither dyspeptic nor bankrupt nor ill-conditioned), we descend into the breakfast-room with an auspicious elasticity of step. How pleasant the prospect before us! The snowy cloth, the shining tea-equipage (a phrase we owe to the late Lord Lytton), the crisp roll, the unctuous sardine or pungent anchovy, the dainty bacon, with its streaks of white and red, like a York and Lancaster rose; the cool, green cress, redolent of clear running water (I know a burn on a Scotch hill-side where such cresses are to be gathered as were never seen in the London markets); the toothsome pâté, the nutritious egg (without which no well-regulated breakfast-table would be complete), what suggestions of gratified cravings do these inspire!

And then, if it be summer, how delightfully the bland morning air ripples in through the open window, with rich reminiscence of the green hill-tops, the fragrant bowers, and the leafy coppices over which its undulations have passed! Or, in the winter time, how the blazing crackling fire (which to look at is to grow good-tempered! never yet lived the churl who did not melt off some of his crustiness before a good fire!) enlivens us, as it sends radiations of warmth and light into every corner of the room, with its contrast to the outer obscurity—to the sullen foggy air, the black leafless branches, the seared and withered grass! No sooner, therefore, is the partner of our joys and sorrows seated than we hasten to make the needful concessions to our physical necessities. Then, after awhile, we feel at liberty to trifle with the toast and sip the beverage of the Turk, while we unfold our daily monitor or our *Illustrated London News*, and seek to gain some idea of the various shifting currents of human activity and enterprise. Next, we turn to our letters, which, on principle, we refrain from reading before breakfast, lest there should be something in their contents that might impede the free action of the peptic juice, or the chyle, or whatever it is that, according to the pundits of physiological science, lubricates the digestive machinery. The wise man never anticipates. Good news will keep, and bad news are none the worse for waiting.

There can be no doubt as to the enjoyableness of breakfast. 'Tis the cheeriest of meals, because one generally comes to it—or ought to come to it—with energies refreshed and strength recruited. Then, again, it is so unaffectedly simple. Dinner is attended with a certain amount of preparation, parade, and even pretentiousness, which take off from its large and liberal character, so that, though the feast of reason may accompany it, the flow of soul is too often absent. The menu makes a heavy demand upon your attention; then the various wants of your neighbours keep you upon the *qui vive*; it is not easy to mingle in the current of the general conversation, and many a good thing flutters past you, defying your efforts to intercept it. Now, at breakfast all this is reversed. Freedom is breakfast's "first law." Your ears are not nailed to the board by your neighbour's irresponsible chatter, and you are able to join in the talk as it goes brightly round. The minutes are not wasted upon half a dozen courses; your peace of mind is not disturbed by the officiousness of pertinacious waiters; the table is "all before you where to choose."

For different tastes different breakfasts. There are robust stomachs capable of appreciating and digesting the breakfast fare of Jonathan Oldbuck, who, despising (says Scott) the modern slops of tea and coffee, was wont to regale himself, like his ancestors, with cold roast beef and a glass of a sort of beverage called *mum*—"a species of fat ale," brewed from wheat and bitter herbs, which nowadays is chiefly remembered in connection with one of Mr. Gladstone's budgets. The Scottish breakfast-table has always been liberally spread. Do you not remember how Miss Bradwardine's was loaded with warm bread, made of flour, oatmeal, or barleymeal, in the shape of loaves, cakes, biscuits, and other varieties, together with eggs, reindeer ham, mutton and beef ditto, smoked salmon, marmalade, and those other delicacies, which induced even Dr. Johnson himself to extol the luxury of a Scotch breakfast above that of all other countries?

Not to be despised are those Highland breakfasts which perfume with delightful savour the pages of Mr. William Black, and are generally made up of fresh-caught salmon, with a dish or two of trout, eggs, poultry, and bannocks, garnished with sunrise effects on the loch or the mountains. Others may prefer, however, the grand old English breakfast, with its mighty sirloin of beef, its great dish of brawn, its succulent venison pasties or meat pies, and ample draughts of ale to wash down such solid fare. This is the kind of breakfast which bred such heroes as Tom Jones, Roderick Random, and Peregrine Pickle, and was common enough in English country houses even in the earlier years of the present century. Dickens has sketched such an one in the square meal which greeted the eyes of Nicholas Nickleby at John Browdie's—"vast mounds of toast, new-laid eggs, boiled ham, Yorkshire pie, and other cold substantial." In one of Peacock's brilliant novelettes is recorded Dr. Folliot's enlightened conception of an ideal breakfast. "The breakfast," he says, with all the authority of his cloth, "is the *prosôpon* of the great work of the day. Chocolate, coffee, tea, cream, eggs, ham, tongue, cold fowl—all these are good, and bespeak good knowledge in him who sets them forth. But the touchstone is fish: anchovy is the first step, prawns and shrimps the second; and I laud him who reaches even these: potted char and lampreys are the third, and a fine stretch of progression; but lobster is, indeed, matter for a May morning, and demands a rare combination of knowledge and virtue in him who sets it forth." Fish, indeed, is a *sine quâ non* at every rational breakfast—fish in some form or other, hot or cold, fresh or cured, boiled, broiled, baked, or potted—except, perhaps, on hot summer mornings, when it is well to recur to the practices of the vegetarian, and refresh yourself lightly upon various fruits.

The importance of breakfast from an ethical point of view is not, I fear, sufficiently considered. I do not remember that any of our great teachers or preachers has ever made it the burden of his discourse. Yet some injudicious dish, savoury but indigestible, may throw a man's morals out of gear for a whole day. If "to dine wisely and not too well" be rightly put as the duty of every citizen, even more imperative is it to breakfast wisely! After dinner a man may shut himself up with his dyspeptic ill-temper and take the consequences—the world will be none the worse; but after breakfast he has the whole day before him, and his duty to discharge towards his fellow-men. Much ill-advice tendered by bilious solicitors to unlucky clients; inaccurate diagnoses made by befogged physicians; exhibitions of temper, and—worse—of wit on the

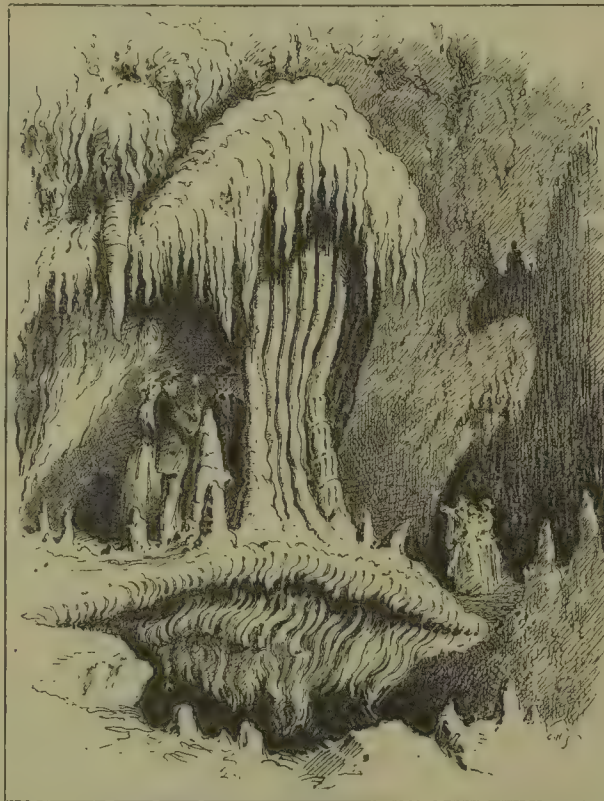
judicial bench; savage reviews by jaundiced critics; melancholy prognostications by ill-fed politicians—all, all may be traced to imprudent breakfasts. A man who goes forth into the world with the fumes of dyspepsia mounting to his brain is an enemy to his kind. He has ceased to be himself; Dr. Jekyll has given way to Mr. Hyde. The worst of it is that, though things may be going all awry, he does not detect the cause. He curses Fate; he inveighs against the stupidity of mankind; he deplores his want of opportunities; he tramps hither and thither, like a bull in a crowd, treading upon people's toes and kicking their shins—ignorant the while that the true source of all the mischief was that inopportune dish—of pork sausages, let us say—at Breakfast! It is known to everybody that Napoleon mismanaged the battle of Borodino because he had breakfasted badly. And we shall be justified in assuming that many of the errors of rulers and follies of statesmen have originated in a similar cause.

W. H. D.-A.

## A BRIEF TOUR IN BELGIUM.

## THE GROTTOS OF HAN - SUR - LESSE.

These stalactite caverns, the most wonderful for beauty and grandeur in Europe, are within forty-eight hours' journey from London, and are well worth a visit, as the traveller is taken through the most lovely scenery in Belgium before he reaches them. It may interest some persons to know how this pleasant tour can be arranged. We left Dover by the twelve-o'clock boat, reaching Ostend, after a pleasant passage, about 3.30 p.m. From that place we went to Brussels by the 4.30 train, arriving there in time for dinner. After sleeping the night at the hotel, we took return tickets to Antwerp, to view the spot where the terrible explosion of 1889 took place, returning to lunch at half past one. In the afternoon we took train for Rochefort, the nearest station to the grottoes of Han. We had to change at Jemelle, having been in the train about four hours, and were met at that station by touts from different hotels. We settled on the Hôtel Biron, and when we reached Rochefort we found a carriage waiting for us, sent by the proprietor. Having slept the night at the Hôtel Biron, we started at seven o'clock the next morning, after a light breakfast, for the Grottoes de Han, in a carriage, in company with four gentlemen, one of whom was a priest. The weather was beautifully fine, and after two hours' drive we found ourselves



LA MERVEILLEUSE.

at a very unassuming-looking inn. Here we descended, and I, being the only lady of the party, had to put on a dress that looked something between a dressing-gown and a shroud. Having changed my dress, we again entered the carriage, this time accompanied by a woman who acted as guide. We drove on until the road became rough, when we all had to walk, the guide going first, over grass plots to the place where the river Lisse enters the caves. After going some distance we heard the rush of waters, and a little farther on we saw a magnificent cataract dashing its clear sparkling waters down. One could hardly believe that this was the same dark silent river that flowed through the caverns without a ripple. We then retraced our steps, and were met by three guides with lamps. Two more tourists joined our party, and four priests. We were told that three visitors were to follow each guide with a lamp, and to be very careful how we walked.

The instructions having been given, we arrived at the small entrance of the cave, the guide going first with the lamp. Then followed three of our party, who were soon lost in the darkness. Another guide went on as before with a lamp, and this time I was one of the three who followed, the rest of our party following in detachments. On coming out of the clear, bright sunlight, with only a flickering candle to guide one, the darkness seemed unpleasantly real, and involuntarily one's eyes were steadily fixed on the ground. There was a certain fear of losing sight of the candle, the return journey being by a different way. However, as I was ruminating and tripping on my "shroud," I was startled by a voice—"Attention à la tête!" I immediately raised my eyes, and there, in close proximity to my forehead, was a lovely coloured marble rock, from which I should have received a terrible blow had I not bent my head to pass under it. Shortly after the same voice said, "La tête à droite!" and then, "La tête à gauche!" I followed the directions given, thus escaping blows from the rocks. Again our guide's voice was heard—"Arrêtez, s'il vous plaît, messieurs!" We all stood still. The torches of red and green fire were lit, and a scene of great magnificence was opened to our view. This was called the "Merveilleuse," as shown in our Engraving. Above our heads were graceful stalactites hanging from the top of the cave. One side the wall was composed of beautiful marble, like transparent drapery, on the other the river Lesse, silently flowing on many feet below through the caves. We were told the river had changed its name to the Styx—a very appropriate one, as it would not be a pleasant place to fall into. Just as we left this cavern our guide dropped her light, and we remained in darkness until assistance came.

Having passed through other rooms—the "Vue de l'Alhambra," "La Portegue," and others—we came to the centre of the grottoes, where there were a few chairs, which were soon taken possession of; there were also some bottles of wine, which was very expensive, but not at all good. However, we were very glad to rest a little, and our priestly companions lit up their cigars, having thrown off all restraint. After having rested, we continued our journey as before, until we heard the voice of our guide saying "Arrêtez!" We were informed that this was the Throne Room, which was the grandest of all. The lights were lit, and the scene that presented itself could only be compared to the picture of "The Last Judgment" for grandeur. One of our guides descended the almost perpendicular rocks to the banks of the Styx, and there lit red fire, while another ascended the rocks some hundred feet, and lit blue fire, thus illuminating a beautiful throne made naturally in the rocks of coloured marble, above which were stalactites of various colours, and sparkling like jewels, while below the dark-blue river illuminated by the red fire, with steep rocks on either side, was a picture of natural grandeur seldom witnessed. The lights were put out again, and we found ourselves following the candle, until we arrived at the banks of the Styx, where a large flat boat was waiting to receive us. Into this we got, the light was put out, and we were rowed through the darkness, with only the chirruping of the bats and splashing of the oars to break the stillness. Gradually the daylight fell on the walls, revealing the bats we had heard hanging from them; a ray of sun told us we were near the exit of the grottoes; the boat turned, and we were on the landing-stage. We had been two and a half hours underground, and had walked two and a half miles.

We returned to Rochefort at twelve, going on by diligence to Dinant in the afternoon; and returned, after a short stay in that town, to London, via Brussels and Ostend, having spent a most entertaining ten days at very little expense, which would have been still cheaper had we gone direct by boat from St. Katherine's Wharf, the return fare being only 15s. first class, thus saving about £1 10s. in train and boat.

H. M.

## MUSIC.

The conclusion of the Worcester Festival renders the Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre again the chief objects for comment. Mr. Freeman Thomas may be congratulated on the deservedly great success obtained by his spirited and liberal management of these popular performances, which have now been running for seven weeks. At a recent "classical" night (the distinguishing title in this instance only partly justified), Mr. Frederic Cliffe's orchestral symphony in C minor was the prominent feature. This clever work produced a marked sensation on its recent first performance and its subsequent repetitions elsewhere. In its performance at Covent-Garden (conducted by the composer) it was also thoroughly appreciated. A large portion of the programme on the occasion referred to was occupied by a selection from the works of Balfe, whose tuneful music still retains its charm for the public ear. The vocalists were Miss Amy Sherwin and Mr. Barrington Foote. The occasional appearances of Mr. Sims Reeves (these being among his present series of farewell performances) have been attractive features of the Covent-Garden Concerts.

Another North Staffordshire Musical Festival is about to be held at Hanley. The experiment previously essayed (in 1888) proved so successful that its repetition was determined on, and continued success will probably establish the festival permanently in triennial succession. For the coming occasion several important works are announced that have already an established reputation, and a new cantata, "Fair Rosamund," is promised, the composer being Dr. Heap, the conductor of the festival, and the author of the book the late Mr. Desmond Ryan. Performances will be given in the Victoria Hall on the morning and evening of Oct. 1 and 2. Of these we must speak hereafter. The solo vocalists announced are Madame Nordica, Misses M'Intyre and Damian, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Iver M'Kay, Mr. W. Mills, and Signor Foli.

An engagement has been signed (through Mr. Daniel Mayer) for Madame Adelina Patti to make twelve appearances in Russia—three in opera and three at concerts at St. Petersburg; and similar appearances at Moscow. It is said that the great prima donna is to receive, for the whole performances, twelve thousand guineas. Madame Patti's autumn tour in this country will include her appearances at some of the principal cities and towns of England and Scotland, beginning at Preston on Oct. 10, and ending at Cardiff on Nov. 21; two of the concerts being given in London (Nov. 3 and 19). This tour is under the direction of the Messrs. Harrison, of Birmingham.

## ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

Viscount Cranbrook and Sir William Hart Dyke have issued a highly satisfactory report of the Education Department. England has got £20,024,811 in debt for elementary schools, London contributing to this total over £8,000,000, but there are good results to show for the money. The *Daily Telegraph* says: "The inspectors' reports indicate more intelligent methods of instruction and better progress of the pupils. It is gratifying to find more attention paid to reading and writing English. Mr. Hernaman, one of the inspectors of the metropolitan district, notes that 'the poetry for recitation is often admirably said, and the words and allusions well explained.' It is not less agreeable to find that, physically, the boys and girls are the better for going to school. The holiday fund for giving them trips to the country and the seaside, the cheap meals, and the provision of large airy playgrounds have done a world of good. Children who give evidence of weak eyesight are relieved from tasks likely to intensify the evil; and, in London, nearly all who suffer in this way are dispatched to the hospital. The inspectors have their eyes open to moral and sanitary as well as educational defects. The Rev. T. W. Sharpe says that 'special schools of small size are absolutely needed in such centres as Drury-lane, where boys of nine or ten years of age may learn the first decencies of life as well as their A B C'; while Mr. Aldis remarks of the Tower Hamlets, 'warming and ventilation still present difficulties; there is plenty of fresh air, there are also plenty of draughts.' How would most middle-class schools compare with these in attention to requirements of every kind? There are general complaints that grammar is unintelligibly taught, and, with Mr. Danby, all the pupils will agree that 'the besetting evil in grammar is extreme dryness.'"

Hastings Cricket Festival was brought to a close with the match between the South of England and the Australians, the former being victorious by ten wickets. The Australian cricketers finished their tour on Sept. 20 at Manchester, where the match against an eleven of English professionals ended in a draw, very much, however, in favour of the visitors. During this season's tour in England the Australians have played thirty-eight matches, of which they have won thirteen, lost sixteen, and drawn nine.

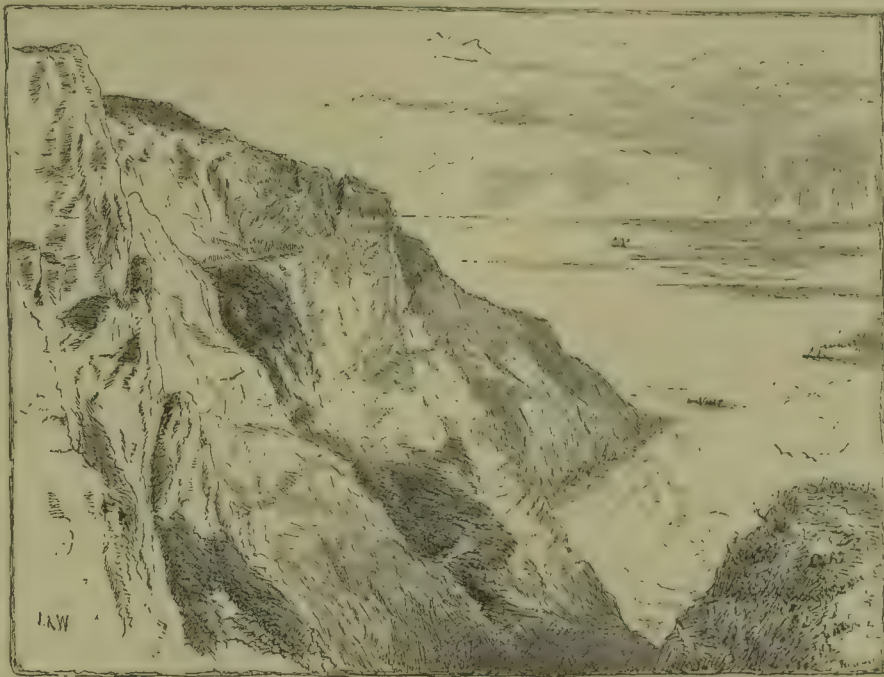


## NEW BOOKS.

*The First of the Bourbons* By Catherine Charlotte, Lady Jackson. Two vols. (R Bentley and Son.)—The history of French Royalty in the sixteenth century is the most disgraceful passage in all European history, and goes far to account for almost every disastrous fault in the government of a brave and generous nation to the last downfall of Monarchy, which seems to be irretrievably discredited in France. Although, from the accession of the Bourbon family to the throne, in 1589, some degree of official fidelity, at least of decent regard to the national interests, and a great amount of statecraft and administrative skill, in the hands of eminent Ministers like Sully, Richelieu, Mazarin, and the able servants of Louis XIV., were applied to consolidate and augment the rule of Kings not wholly indifferent to the public welfare, still the country did not recover, with all the power and splendour of the Crown, from the fatal injuries caused by the vices of the House of Valois. Nowhere, in any age, have the corrupting influence of a shameless Court, the profligacy of Princes, and the instigations of priestly fanaticism wrought worse effects on society than during the reigns of Francis I., Henry II., Charles IX., and Henry III. of France; no woman ever did more harm than Queen Catherine de Medici; and there never was a faction more pernicious than that headed by the Dukes of Guise and Mayenne. This book, the authoress of which not long ago published her narrative of preceding events, called "The Last of the Valois," gives a fairly comprehensive account of the reign of Henry IV., previously King of Navarre, who became legitimate heir to the crown of France by the extinction of the Valois male lineage, and who, as protector of the Huguenots, as champion of a rightful cause against the League, as the valiant, skilful, and successful hero of an exhausting civil war, followed by acts of justice and clemency, gained the sympathies of Protestant nations. Behind the Guise faction, his direct enemies were the Jesuits and Philip II. of Spain: this won him the hearty friendship of our Queen Elizabeth, and we may feel just satisfaction in remembering how he was aided by English troops in Normandy, after his first signal victory near Dieppe, and again at the siege of Rouen, in 1592; and how the visit of his wise and honest minister, Baron Rosny (the Duc de Sully), to our own country, a few years later, confirmed this worthy alliance. Personally, the character of this renowned French Sovereign though faulty in some respects, especially in his infatuated subjection to feminine charms, was generous, frank, benevolent, and kindly; he was the hardest and bravest of soldiers, averse to cruelty, and incapable of bigotry or intolerance in matters of religious belief. Some excuse can be made for his reluctant adoption of the Roman Catholic professed religion, to restore peace and safety to the State, in spite of his private convictions, which probably remained the same as those of his early Huguenot friends; and his attachment to Gabrielle d'Estrelles, the only woman really deserving his sincere affection, was almost pardonable, from a moral point of view, considering the misconduct of his first wife, and may have had a beneficial effect upon him so long as she lived. Henry's later years, unhappily, showed a deterioration of character which the authoress of this book does not seek to palliate; yet his actions, though often rash and intemperate, were never so base as those of contemporary Royal personages, and one cannot dislike the man, often as he put himself in the wrong. The contrast between his disposition and that of his chief adviser, the stern, rigorous, uncompromising Rosny, who was so little of a courtier, and who feared not to prove his integrity by checking and censuring his impetuous master's frequent errors, is well brought out in this interesting narrative, ending with Henry's death, by assassination, in 1610, an event much deplored by the better sort of politicians all over Europe.

*The Story of the Nations.*—Vol. 26: *Switzerland.* By Mrs. Lina Hug and Richard Stead. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—This volume of a generally admirable series of national histories is the joint work of a Swiss lady, residing at Zurich, and of an English writer favourably known by his topographical treatise on Holderness. Though not to be compared with some of the other books of uniform publication in point of scholarly exactness, its subject is one of the most interesting, and is handled with sufficient mastery of the domestic annals of Switzerland. Its defects are found in some of the incidental allusions to the wider affairs of Europe: we were scarcely prepared, for instance, to recognise the "King of Germany" in Rudolf of Habsburg, or in Henry of Luxemburg (which familiar name is preferable to "Lützelburg" for English readers): though elected by German Princes, they were styled Roman Emperors and Kings of the Romans, and not a large part of Germany was under their immediate rule. Saferground is reached, however, beset with mythical legends, which are properly discussed in a critical spirit, when we come to the beginnings of Swiss independence: the League of the Forest Commonwealths, Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, soon joined by Lucerne, and finding an ally in Zurich, to throw off the yoke of the Habsburgs. We may care little for Gessler's hat, and Tell's shooting at the apple on his child's head; but it is worthy of notice that the Swiss franchises were based on a charter from the Swabian Emperors, to whose policy the Habsburgs were opposed, and this was part of the contest between Guelph and Ghibelline, then going on all over the so-called Holy Roman Empire. The Habsburg Dukes of Austria, sometimes Emperors and sometimes not, were the champions of the Guelph papal party; and it was to the interest of their political adversaries to aid in depriving them of feudal dominion in Switzerland. In like manner, we may consider, the heroic Swiss struggle for liberty, the battle of Morgarten in 1315, and so on to the battles of Sempach, in 1386, and of Naefels subsequently, rendered essential service to Germany, and to the principle of national independence all over Europe. The House of Austria, when it came to hold the Empire by an hereditary claim, might have acquired overwhelming power, if it had kept possession of that little central country, with the keys of the Alpine gates and the command of many natural fortresses,

and of all the roads to Western Germany, Italy, and France. Again, in the fifteenth century, when Burgundy had become a powerful State, threatening the prospects of the French nation, it was by the Swiss victories at Grandson and Morat, in 1476, that this danger was averted. Western Europe is thus greatly indebted to the sturdy patriotism of Switzerland, apart from its example, which has never yet been fully appreciated, of Republican institutions loyally and steadfastly maintained, and latterly made suitable to the conditions of



LOOKING FROM THE TOP OF BEACHY HEAD, SUSSEX.

modern political life. But we would study these more particularly; the internal development of the Confederation, and of the Cantonal Governments, in domestic affairs for above three centuries past; the effects of the Protestant Reformation in some of the Cantons, both among German and French-speaking populations; the Roman Catholic reactionary movement; the commercial and industrial prosperity of the towns; the overthrow of feudal and aristocratic prerogatives or privileges; the literary and scientific activity of Swiss minds; the excellent system of public education, and the practice of responsible citizenship in the discharge of public duties. This book seems to afford correct and ample information regarding all such matters, and it is gratifying, as well as instructive, to see what the Swiss people have been able to do for themselves. The chapters on the Federal Constitution since 1848 especially deserve attention. A good deal of romantic sentiment was formerly in vogue about the imagined peculiar virtues of Alpine mountaineers. The fact is, that the leading men of this brave and persevering nation, its best soldiers, and its wisest councillors, as well as the authors of its trading and industrial prosperity, and of social and political improvements, have usually been the men of the plains—as little of mountaineers, in their breeding and habits, as the people of Flanders or Holland. We are all disposed, in our taste for rarities of sublime scenery, to adore the mighty physical aspects of the Alps, and there are fine fellows among the guides, whom every tourist knows and esteems; but it is not the region of peaks and glaciers that has produced the historic worthies of Switzerland, to whom the country notably owes its rank among free, well-governed, and truly civilised States.

A tablet to the memory of Robert Browning has been placed on the wall of Llantysilio Church by Lady Martin (Helen Faucit). In the autumn of 1886 Mr. Browning spent some time at Llangollen. During his stay there he walked every Sunday to the little church of Llantysilio, one of the oldest churches in Wales. He was always accompanied by his sister and his friends Sir Theodore and Lady Martin. The



BEACHY HEAD LIGHT.

tablet bears the following inscription: "In memory of Robert Browning, poet, born 1812, died 1889, who worshipped in this church ten weeks, in autumn, 1886, by his friend, Helen Faucit Martin."

The Prince-Regent of Bavaria has conferred the Royal Professorship upon Mr. Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., who was born in Bavaria, and for some time pursued his art studies in Munich.

Dr. Campbell, the late Bishop of Bangor, has been presented with his portrait, subscribed for by the clergy and leading laity of the diocese. Lord Penryhn made the presentation on behalf of the numerous body of subscribers, which included many Nonconformists.

## BEACHY HEAD, SUSSEX.

The South Downs of Sussex, the finest range of chalk hills we know—and the uplands of chalk formation have a peculiar beauty, with their fair rounded outlines, their smooth surfaces of pale green, harmonising sweetly with skies of pale grey-blue, and the charming grace of their gentle dips and dells—rise to their greatest height, 575 ft., in the majestic headland about two miles west of Eastbourne. A walk from Lewes, over Firle Beacon, and along the summits of this range, above Berwick and Alfriston, descending to cross the Cuckmere River, and thence over the hills in a south-easterly direction, to the stupendous cliffs of the sea-coast, is an infallible cure for dyspeptic townsmen. The elevated situation, the spacious prospect, the freedom of pace on the elastic turf, the exhilarating air, fresher and purer, certainly drier, than is to be inhaled on lower levels, make this excursion supremely delightful; but few houses are in sight, except a hamlet or a rural mansion nestling in some wooded hollow far beneath, and one feels the truth of Wordsworth's line—

The peace that is among the lonely hills.

Of Beachy Head, the grandest feature—Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover and the Kentish Forelands are nothing to it!—in our boasted natural bulwark "the White Walls of England," we give an effective view. It should be seen from the shore below, or from a boat off the shore. The best upper view is obtained near the Coastguard Station. Farther west, above Birling Gap, whence the road passes towards Seaford, stands the Belle Tout, or Beachy Head Lighthouse, guiding ships up or down the Channel with a revolving light visible at a distance of fourteen miles. Off Beachy Head, just two hundred years ago, was fought a naval battle in which the French fleet, under the Comte de Tourville, held its own against the Earl of Torrington, with a combined force of English and Dutch ships. This repulse was compensated, two years after, by the great victory of La Hogue. One may continue the walk along the cliffs to Seaford, by Crowlink and Friston, crossing the river at West Dean; and Seaford is not a bad place to stop at, though it has few abiding attractions.

## MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Lord Brassey with the Hon. Sybil de Vere Capell, youngest daughter of Viscountess Malden, and granddaughter of the Earl of Essex, took place on Sept. 18 in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The church was filled with a large congregation. The crew of the Sunbeam also attended. The bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her brother, Lord Capell, who subsequently gave her away. She wore a dress of rich cream faille, with sleeves full to the elbow, and the front of the skirt draped with family lace. Her veil was of tulle, and she wore a chaplet of orange-blossoms in her hair, and carried a bouquet of choice exotics, tied with white satin streamers. In attendance on the bride were two pages, Masters Edwin and Ralph Brassey (nephews of the bridegroom), who wore white sailor costumes; and Mr. Arnold Morley, son of the late M.P. for Bristol, was best man. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. G. G. Bradley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, assisted by the Rev. James Baden-Powell, M.A., Precentor of St. Paul's.

The marriage of the Hon. and Rev. Graham Colborne, Rector of Dittisham, Torquay, and Miss Florence S. Porter, daughter of the late Mr. W. Porter of Hembury Fort, Devon, was solemnised on Sept. 18 at the parish church of Stoke-next-Guildford, in the presence of a large gathering. The bridegroom is son of the first Lord Seaton. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. Paynter, Rector of Stoke-next-Guildford, brother-in-law of the bride, assisted by the Ven. Archdeacon of Kingston (Rev. C. Burney). The bride, who was given away by the Rev. Fleetwood Porter, Rector of Banbury, was attended by the Misses Paynter, the Hon. Alice and the Hon. Alethea Colborne, as bridesmaids. Sir Francis Colborne acted as best man.

The marriage of Sir Francis Denys of Draycott Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire, with Grace Ellen, daughter of the late Colonel Adolphus Burton, C.B., was celebrated at Old Upton Church, Slough, on Sept. 16. The service was choral. The bride was given away by her uncle, Sir Charles Burton, Bart., and was attended by four bridesmaids—Miss Gertrude Burton, her sister; Miss Wyndham Slade, her cousin; Miss Waring, niece of the bridegroom; and Miss Meeking. Mr. Cookson of Neasham acted as best man.

## EDUCATION IN RUSSIA.

Official reports for the last ten years show that the spread of education in Russia is making but slow progress, the number of recruits entering the army able to read and write indicating but little increase from year to year. During the period under review there were, on the average, 77.02 per cent. of conscripts in all the governments of Russia who were unable to read and write. The most remarkable fact in these statistics is that in those governments which serve as centres of the highest education obtainable in Russia—that is to say, in districts provided with universities—the number of illiterates is increasing. In the government of Kasan, for instance, it reaches now 90.71 per cent.; in the government of Kieff, 85.2 per cent.; in that of Charkoff, 85.95 per cent. The governments containing the two capitals also show an essential progress. The government of Moscow furnished a contingent of recruits of whom 47.35 per cent. were unable to read and write; St. Petersburg, 40.89 per cent. The lowest percentage of illiterate recruits (with the exception of the Baltic Provinces) was furnished by the government of Jaroslaff, with 35 per cent.

The Glasgow Town Council have unanimously adopted the recommendation of the Magistrates to confer the freedom of Glasgow upon Lord Rosebery during his forthcoming visit.

News has been received from Eskdale Muir, a mountainous district of Dumfriesshire, that on the morning of Sept. 18 some earthquake shocks were felt there. The shocks lasted only a few seconds, and appeared to travel from west to east.





BEACHY HEAD, SUSSEX.

DRAWN BY J. R. WELLS.



## A NOOK AND A BOOK.

A charming poetic tale, bearing with it the suggestive teaching of a parable, comes to us from Arabia, that land which has fascinated us from far-back times with so many bewitching beauties of thought, coming to us like birds of Oriental splendours and strange, sweet songs. The story tells of the wise magician whose cunning and gifted ear, when applied to the ground in the hot heart of the Arabian desert, could detect in far-off Bagdad the voice of the Mussulman on the top of the sky-piercing minaret calling the faithful to prayer, could disentangle the chatter of the bargain-drivers in the crowded bazars, could define the songs of the birds in the surrounding rose gardens and citron groves, could hear the pattering of the children's little feet in the streets and squares, and interpret the words of the melodious joy which came from their innocent hearts. The subtle interpretation of this tale is not far to seek. The man who has the keys of knowledge alone can open, one by one, the mysteries in the great treasure-house of Nature, and the philosophy of the wisest of seers resolves itself simply into the hearing ear and the understanding heart. Possessed of the secrets of Nature around us, and heirs to the knowledge of the immortals of bygone times, we have a power greater than the witchery of the most cunning magician of old.

Here, in our quiet nook, we have two worlds, the geographical and the ideal. The first, 'tis true, is a mere fragment, but our demands are modest, and, so far as it goes, it is delectable in its beauty, and is a more precious possession to us than ever were empires to Alexander, Cæsar, or Napoleon. The second is the world of human wisdom, of fancy and imagination, embracing present, past, and future, a magic realm open alike to emperor and clown.

If it be your will, let us sit together in this charming green hollow, and, after your restful eye has taken into sweet captivity the sylvan scene around, we may together turn over the pages of our book with hand and mind in unison. Mark how the oak, elm, beech, and birch around us are rich in all the ruddy splendours of this glorious autumn day. The woodlands are no longer one stretch of unvaried green, but each tree tells its name in saffron, buff, brown, and yellow gold, and wears the tints of the drapery it bore when the young fair world looked glad under its first autumnal sun. The very atmosphere is faintly tawny. The lazy, still air binds fast the beams of light and steals from them their white brilliance. The long grass wears a sober tint, and the rushes, though yet straight and spear-like, are faintly tipped with brown, like lances that have seen service in war. The gossamer, lighter than the down on the butterfly's wing, floats easily on in passive motion, as if it were born to sail the interstellar ether and drift against the stars. And here, beside us, the stream gurgles past, dainty, clear, and tinkling, like a brooklet of elfinland. As you trace its course upwards yonder, all fern-wreathed, from terrace to terrace, you find that it narrows at every step, till it tinkles round the lichened rocks in tiny liquid runnels which could not well a fairy's chalice fill. All is calm and sober-tinted far as the eye can see. The grays and greens of Nature have in them that tender darkness which we ever find in a landscape of Poussin's, or in those exquisite tapestries woven in far-back days. This, indeed, is a spot of profound seclusion, peace, and beauty, reminding one of the divine passage in Spenser:—

And more to lull him in his slumber soft,  
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down;

No other noise, nor people's troublous cries  
As still are wont to annoy the wallèd towne,  
Might then be heard; but careless quiet lies,  
Wrapt in eternal silence—far from enemies.

If you should take a book to your quiet embowered resting-place, as you would ask a friend, let it be one of nimble wit, of subtle suggestion, and illumined in every alternate page by glowing fancy or quaint, wistful humour, which plays in turn upon the author and yourself, one in which the author asks your confidence, and who, in return, undisguisedly shows you every corner of his own heart. Such an author is Montaigne. "I like your essays," said King Henry III. of France to this charming man, when first they met. "Then, Sir," said the author, "you will like me: I am my essays." Just so. This is how Montaigne would have his readers think of him, and this is the secret of his priceless worth. What think you of Sir Roger de Coverley, for a green quiet nook?—that stately, wine-flavoured, befrilled Knight, not without spot or blemish, yet likable withal. We have a well-worn copy, which has rested in our pilgrim's wallet for a score of years, and which has been read over full many a time on sloping banks of wild thyme, amid the haunts of murmuring bees.

Not every kind of book can enter one's delicious, restful nook with poetic acceptance. There must be both sympathy and fitness in the bargain. To obtain a royal reception the author must be a congenial spirit, and be able likewise to show the bewitching credentials of his craft. No one would think of bringing here the "Divina Commedia" or "Paradise Lost." They are totally unfitted for such a place and hour, on account of the appalling combination they contain of the glories and awfulness of the eternal world, with background of terrible splendours and "dazzling darkness," to use that sublime figure of sweet-souled Henry Vaughan, Wordsworth's inspirer and master in many ways. "Lycidas," however, could be read here with unstinted delight—

Oft till the star that rose at evening bright,  
Towards heaven's descent had sloped his westerling wheel!

So could the grand old ballads of foray and feud, of love and war, and of the old harrying days of the Scottish Border, "Edom o' Gordon," "Helen of Kirkconnell Lea," and "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow"; or Burns, in his infinite pathos, in the exquisite tenderness of his tears, in the strange sympathy even in his satire and in his glorious manhood in everything.

Here is the dainty morsel we have brought to taste at intervals, in this green, sheltered spot—Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd." It is a breezy, shining pastoral, and all its little world is out of doors. Its characters are clad in homespun and are rustics all, but they move about with the grace of kings, as their actions are the outcome of true, loyal hearts and a chivalry which knows neither mistrust nor stain. After the "Polyphemus" of Theocritus, as a pastoral it has not its equal in all the range of literature, and had Theocritus—he who could toss the bolts and rouse the thunders of Etna as well as handle a shepherd's crook—seen this same "Gentle Shepherd" enacted, all his being would have thrilled with a wild delight. Who that has read this pastoral is not put, for all time, in mental possession of this scene?—

A flowery homin between twa verdant braes,  
Where lassies used to wash and spread their claes;  
A trotting burnie, wimpling through the ground,  
Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round;  
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear.

And what a charming etching is here!—

The open field. A cottage in a glen;  
An auld wife spinning at the sunny en!

Surely a sweeter or more tenderly suggestive sketch never left the easel of Rembrandt!

And, with profound respect for Sir John Millais, let him permit us to submit an exquisite bit of rival portraiture:—

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,  
With a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair.

There are countless kindred gems in "The Gentle Shepherd," and it has no violation of decorum, nor has it that pedantic, ostentatious chastity which is none the less offensive. Its story is homely, but it is perfect; in it there is no alloy. Its pictures are drawn to the life, and, being intensely human, have grace, pathos, laughter, tears, humour, love, and all the qualities which go to make a healthy human soul. A. L.

## MISS FLORENCE HOLLAND, B.A.

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers the portrait of a young lady who has greatly distinguished herself in the recent examinations of the Calcutta University, by her almost unaided efforts gaining a "double first" in Latin and English, and coming out third in a list of 435 successful candidates. Had she been able to command such teaching as the students at Newnham and Girton enjoy at Cambridge, and those of Somerville Hall, at Oxford, no doubt she would have been at the head of the University. Miss Holland was recommended for the Government scholarship of £200 a year, tenable for three years, the possession of which would have enabled her to carry on her studies still further in England, but she was, unfortunately, a little over the prescribed age, and the scholarship has been awarded to a male student of less attainments.

This young lady was educated at the Priory, Hazanbagh, from which school she matriculated in 1883, passing in the



MISS FLORENCE HOLLAND, B.A. CALCUTTA.

first division, and gaining a scholarship. Her studies were interrupted for two years by bad health, but she eventually joined the Girls' High School, Allahabad; and in 1888 she gained the Duff Scholarship for languages, being the only woman who has ever achieved such a distinction, also a local scholarship tenable for two years. In 1889 she accompanied the Lady Superintendent of the Girls' High School, Allahabad, to the Darjeeling Girls' School, and it was while she was a boarder in the latter school that she won her latest and greatest success.

Colonel G. B. Meares, commanding the Royal Fusiliers at Dover, has been selected for an appointment on the Staff in India.

The Governors of St. Peter's Hospital, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, have received a draught of £1000 for the afflicted poor from Mr. W. H. Johnson.

Miss Kate Marsden, who has been permitted by the Empress of Russia to visit various parts of Russia and Siberia for the purpose of seeing and noting the condition and method of treatment of the lepers in that country, started on Sept. 19 on her mission by the mail-steamer Parramatta.

The Queen has approved of the grant of the silver medal for distinguished conduct in the field to Sergeant Watts, late Royal Artillery, and now belonging to the permanent staff of the Argyll and Bute Artillery, for conspicuous gallantry at the attack on Konoma, in November 1879, during the Naga Hills Expedition.

Lord and Lady Carrington have refused to accept any testimonial from the colony of New South Wales on their return to England, save one, which is an illuminated address presented to their little Australian-born daughter, who is now only a year old, by the children attending one of the largest schools in Sydney. In accepting the gift, Lord Carrington told the subscribers that it should be "built into the wall of their little Australian sister's English home."

Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., and Mr. Dillon, M.P., were arrested on Sept. 18, the former at Glengarriff and the latter at Ballybrack, near Dublin, on warrants charging them with offences in connection with the land agitation in Tipperary. The arrests were effected quietly, and both gentlemen were subsequently admitted to bail. Mr. M. O'Brien Dalton, the most prominent of the Nationalist leaders in Tipperary, and Mr. John Cullinane were arrested on the 19th, on landing at Kingstown. They are involved in the charge under which Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon were taken into custody.

The Inverness gathering has proved a great success. In addition to the Highland games, a musical ride by the 13th Hussars, from Edinburgh, was introduced, and, being the first performance of the kind, it excited great interest. The volunteer bazaar, dog show, races, and exhibition of Highland industries were well patronised. The ball attracted a large and fashionable assemblage. Lady Macdonald, Mrs. Bradley Martin, Lady Thurlow, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, Lady Macpherson-Grant, and the Countess of Dunmore brought large parties. The picturesque Highland costumes and the bright dresses of the ladies produced a very pretty effect.

## AN ARMENIAN MONASTERY.

From the Riva degli Schiavoni, or quay, of Venice may be seen rising in a south-east direction the red towers of the Armenian Monastery built on the island of San Lazzaro. Two miles of shining water part it from Venice, but he who would make the journey will find many a gondolier ready and willing to row him across. Indeed, the stranger has but to stand on the quay and gaze towards the monastery to attract a crowd who will noisily offer their services to conduct him, most of them tall, bronze-faced men with blue shirts and coloured sashes and hats thrust far back on well-set heads covered with raven-black hair.

Embarking one sunny afternoon in a gondola, from which we had the hood removed, that it might not intercept the view, we were borne, with the slow gliding motion peculiar to these boats, over the waveless waters towards the monastery. Only in looking back upon Venice when some distance removed from its shores does its singular position and wonderful charm become most apparent. There it stood shining in the sunlight, rising from the sea, an oasis in a desert of waters, a city of enchantment summoned into being by the wave of a magician's hand, which might, if we but turned our eyes a second from its glittering marbles and painted palaces, its minarets and domes, its towers and belfries, suddenly sink into nothingness, leaving no trace of where it stood upon the wide expanse of shimmering blue.

Yet that fairylike city was once the great connecting link between the East and West, the centre of great wealth and lordly luxury, the stronghold of Italian liberty. From the course in which we steered, no sight of the Cathedral was visible; but the east side of the Palace of the Doges was in full view, beside and connected by the famous Bridge of Sighs with the dark and massive prison, under the leaden roof of which was the torture-chamber, the scene of blood-curdling cruelties and unspeakable tragedies. Likewise did we get a glimpse of the two granite columns in the Piazzetta brought from Syria early in the twelfth century by the Doge Michiel; one surmounted by a figure of St. Theodore, patron of the ancient Republic, the other by the winged lion of St. Mark, emblem of the Evangelist, the patron of the city, whose remains were, in 828, brought with great rejoicing and much pomp by a Venetian fleet, from Alexandria, and placed in the church bearing his name.

On our way we pass islands: that on our right, covered by what was once a Benedictine monastery, but which is now an artillery barrack, its church of San Giorgio Maggiore, with a fine facade, massive dome, and lofty campanile yet remaining; and to our left is St. Elena, once the site of a handsome convent, with arches framing wondrous views, and Gothic cloisters overgrown with a wealth of roses and jessamine, and spacious gardens whose leafy terraces led down to the sea, all of which, in the so-called cause of progress, have been swept away to make room for a hideous smoke-belching iron factory. On another island is a lunatic asylum, a little town in itself, peopled by strange inhabitants, whose world is not as ours.

No hum of traffic comes from the silent city we have left; no sound is in the calm air save the measured rhythmic strokes of oars, plied by gondoliers who pass us, their graceful figures standing sharply out against the blue of the sky and the green of the sea. Presently we turn down pathways made in the waters by innumerable stakes protruding high above their surface, marking the situation and shape of low sand islands surrounding Venice on every side; and then we reach the monastery, founded in 1717 by Abbot Mechitar, for the instruction of Armenian students sent from the East.

Its red-brick walls rise from the Adriatic, and its gate, at which we landed, leads to a spacious hall, beyond which are the cloisters encompassing a garden planted with orange and lemon trees, jessamine, and myrtle. The monks belong to the Benedictine order, and are in no way connected with the Greek Church. Their lives are devoted to study, and to the training of students for the priesthood. The monastery is plain and cheerless; its refectory is bare, its cells are chill, the church contains no works of Old Masters, no carvings which delight the eye, no beauty which appeals to the senses—everything speaking of austerity.

All its riches lie in its library, which contains about four hundred manuscripts, many dating from the eighth century, a few from the fourth. It likewise possesses an Armenian translation of the "Chronicles" of Eusebius, of the fifth century, and a valuable collection of Latin, Greek, Italian, French, and German books. Moreover, it has a printing-press, made by an English firm, in which European works, translated into Armenian, are printed "for the illumination of our people," as the monk who guided us through the monastery remarked; and a room containing scientific instruments—among them a powerful telescope; for here astronomy is studied and taught.

"And astrology?" we asked. "Do you also study that?" For this monastery, rising from the sea, removed from the haunts of men, brooded over by eternal silence, and inhabited by wise men from the East, seemed a suitable place for researches into old-world lore. Our guide smiled, and shook his brown head by way of reply.

The chief interest the place possesses for English visitors lies in the fact that Lord Byron spent six months in the monastery, and, "by way of divertissement," studied the Armenian language. "I found that my mind wanted something craggy to break upon," he writes to Moore, in December 1816; "and this—as the most difficult thing I could discover here for an amusement—I have chosen to torture me into attention. I try, and shall go on; but I answer for nothing—least of all for my intentions or my success." The poet never mastered the thirty-six Ruaric letters, which he called "a Waterloo of an alphabet," and never became acquainted with the fifty thousand words—counting those of several signification as one word—which the Armenian language contains.

When, in November 1816, Sir John Cam Hobhouse came to Venice, and lodged "in a palace in decay, with a magnificent marble staircase, a vast saloon, and numerous apartments of faded frescoes, dusky gilding, and silk hangings in tatters," he visited Byron here, and wrote his name with that of the poet's in the visitors' book. Our guide showed us the apartments the author of "Childe Harold" occupied, his portrait and his chair, and seemed proud of these relics, but perhaps prouder still of a framed letter from John Ruskin, in which, in kindly and characteristic terms, he begs to be allowed to contribute his share towards rebuilding part of the monastery recently destroyed by fire.

The place has been more than once threatened with destruction. When the French, bent on despoiling a land lovelier than their own, pulled down numerous monasteries and convents for the sake of the marbles and materials they contained, Napoleon made an exception in favour of San Lazzaro and its monks, whose labours and whose revenues were devoted to the instruction of their fellow-men. No doubt it would have shared the evil fate of so many institutions of its kind under the present rule, but that it is placed under the protection of the Turkish flag.

J. F. M.



## THE HUNZA PEOPLE OF THE PAMIR.

The geography and ethnography of the regions, in Central Asia, north of Kashmir and of Afghanistan, must be considered of great political importance to the British Indian Empire. Until lately, public information was deficient, especially with regard to the races of people dwelling on the southern slopes of the Pamir, the so-called "Roof of the World," an elevated plateau separating Turkestan, with the plains traversed by the Oxus or Amou Darya, and by the Syr Daria, from Kashgar and Yarkand to the east. British and Russian political influences now appear likely to approach positions of rivalry in this region; and the recent publication of some extracts from a letter written by Captain Grombchevsky, a Russian official explorer there, on July 20, has called fresh attention to the subject. It is stated that the Tham, the ruler of "Kandshut," which means Hunza, has come under the protection of the British Indian Government, and is to receive an annual subsidy; and that in April last he was driving other tribes off the Pamir. The British Residency in Ghilghit had been re-established under Captain Durand, and this Russian official reporter seemed to consider it high time now to fix the limits of interference, respectively, between the two Powers.

We have received from Dr. G. W. Leitner a series of photographs and descriptive notes giving us some knowledge of the Hunza country and people. Dr. Leitner made their acquaintance exactly twenty-four years ago, when he visited Ghilghit; and, in later excursions beyond the Indian frontier, in 1872 and 1886, he has acquired a large amount of precise information regarding the languages and races of the Hindu-Kush, besides making a systematic philological study of the Hunza language.

The first volume of a learned work, written by Dr. Leitner, on these hitherto neglected topics of research, has been published last year at Calcutta by official authority, and was reviewed by the *Times*, on April 9, with the highest commendation. Scientific societies, in England and on the Continent, have recognised in the singular Hunza language a most interesting remnant of the speech of prehistoric races of mankind; but we cannot invite the generality of our readers to enter into that question. A rich mine of exact and practical linguistic studies, as well as comparative philology, ethnology, and sociology, is also laid open by Dr. Leitner's investigations, the publication of which should be undertaken by the Indian Government. There is room for speculation about the Aryan or the Turanian origin of the Hunzas, and whether or not they represent the ancestry of the Huns. Dr. Leitner made friends with the Rajah of Nagyr and his sons—Nagyr being a district parallel with Hunza—learnt from them the Khajuná or Burishki language, the grammatical forms of which are very peculiar; and brought a Hunza man to England, as he had, on former occasions, brought hither the first Siah Posh Kafir and the first Yarkandi who have ever visited England. He has also procured some portions of the sacred book, called the Kelám-i-pir, which is the Koran or Bible of the Muláís, a Mohammedan sect in that region, whose traditions are referred to the seventh Imam of the Shiáhs, and whose practices have much affinity with those of the Druses in the Lebanon. Our drawing is from a photograph, which represents this Hunza man in fighting attitude with his hereditary rival from Nagyr, and separated by some men from Yasin, of the same Burishki race. He is also portrayed as an attendant at the Mohammedan Mosque at Woking in our issue of Nov. 9 last, and has since gone on a pilgrimage to Kerbelá, the sacred place of the Shiáhs Mussulman believers.

The Hunzas, truly, are one of the wildest races of Asia. "Though nominally Mohammedan," says Dr. Leitner, "they are really deniers of all the important precepts of true Mohammedanism, which is opposed to drunkenness, introduces a true brotherhood, and enjoins great cleanliness, as absolutely necessary before the spiritual purification by prayer can take place." They use their mosques for dancing and drinking assemblies; there is little restraint in the relation of the sexes; murder and robbery are scarcely crimes; adultery is condoned, if the man pays a fine and declares himself a foster-son of the guilty wife. Kidnapping is largely practised; and the "Tham," the heaven-born ruler, can authorise the most atrocious deeds, and can take possession of any woman at his pleasure. Their real belief is a sort of heathen Pantheism, with a weird fairy mythology, and with a class of prophetesses, priestesses, or witches, called "Dayals," whose dictates are obeyed by the great Tham himself. Invisible hands, in the distance, beating drums or ringing bells, sound the signal of supernatural interposition; the Hunzas hear it with religious awe. The Nagyrís a more civilised people of the same Burishki

race, are Shiáhs Mohammedans, in a comparatively enlightened state. It is probable that the British Government of India will soon have some dealings with these strange nations of the Pamir, who will then assume to be Mohammedans of the Shiáhs sect, in order to be in fashion with those of our subjects of that creed.

## IN WOOD AND COPSE.

The turn of the year had come, for the tints in the woodlands were deepening daily, and the gossamer threaded the stubbles and hedges; there was a drift of red leaves from the chestnut trees, and amber were all the hazels; and, though the leafage still clung to the sturdy oaks, from most other trees was it shredding—beech and maple, ash and elm, poplar and sycamore, and wild cherry. The squirrels were hoarding up their nuts, and day by day were the acorns dropping; the wasps were busy at the ivy bloom, the hedgerows were bright with their hips and haws, and on the yews were scarlet berries; and, while the last of the swallows were winging off, the goldfinches were collecting—all signs that the autumn again was with us, and that we had bid good-bye to summer; signs, too, that the time had once more come round when I was again due in the country, for a share in the season's rural sports, which were ever a joy to me. So, on one morning in October, I started for Newnham, to reach from there my friend's house in that valley through which winds the Teme. Half-timbered, ivied, and old-fashioned, and picturesquely placed on a sheltered knoll, from The Grange are there fine views, and vast ones too; as, besides including the Malvern range, they sweep from the Welsh hills to the Bredon; hence is it a pleasant place whereat to pass some

also each kind of pheasant. Thus we discussed the green Japan, the Chinese ring-necked, and the crested Peacock ones; the Bohemian, Impeyan, and Australian, the Argus, Reeves, and Fireback, together with the varieties of white and pied, and those which we have in aviaries—the Silver, Gold, and Copper, and Indian hybrids. Then, just as we were talking on dogs and guns, and comparing the mode of shooting now in vogue with the old one, little Daisy toddled in to see what we were doing, as her sisters—Rose and Jane—had left her to go up to their butter-woman, next day being market-day at Tenbury, and they had some things to send there. They were of the respective ages of eight and ten, but Daisy was but four, a little charmer who claimed to be my own especial pet; when, asking if she might "come up," on to my knees she quickly clambered, and, as she then kissed me and nestled down, I knew I was in for story-telling.

"Well, darling," I said, "what is it to be this time—pheasants? Because that is what we were chatting about when you came in." "No, tank you!" was her reply. "Me don't care for big birds, me like the 'tittle ones'; those nice ones that let me talk to them in the garden." So I told her that, while the blackbirds liked cherries and gooseberries best, and the hanfinches loved green peas, the whitethroat, bullfinch, and blackcap too, thought there was nothing so nice as raspberries; and that, though starlings would use their own nest but once, and cuckoos did not build at all, the saucy house-sparrows were such busy birds that they took turn with their mate on the nest. Dear Daisy, however, liked best to hear of the confidence shown in man by the swallow and sand-martin, robin and wren, the hedge-sparrow, fly-catcher, and goldcrest; as, also the sense shown when danger was nigh by the peewit, the partridge, and skylark; and when I told her that linnets changed their dress in the winter, spring, and summer, she made up her mind, as they were "just like us," that they "all must be lady-birds." Thus pleasantly passed the time with us until she was called down by mamma, I first being "loved," as usual, by her for telling her "such nice tales." We sat there some time after Frank had joined us, and some friends of theirs had come—the squire, the doctor, and the rector's son, who were to shoot with us on the morrow—when, as Mrs. Wilding summoned us all to supper, we spent the rest of the evening with her.

The morning was propitious, and all promised well, and after an early breakfast, to which Frank's friends came, we were at the covers in good time, we beginning by placing ourselves within them, while the men thrashed the hedges for the outlying birds, to drive them from the open. Then, as the beaters came in at the ride-gate and tapped the trees, hares went loppeting through dead leaves, and there was an outrush of small birds and rabbits; when, as the tappings increased as we moved slowly forwards, and the cry was heard of "Hie! cock over," Frank let fly, and, in answer to it, down through the branches dropped the pheasant. The next one fell to the doctor's gun, when, as three more birds went away, the squire killed two, with a left and right, and the rector's son had the other. Frank then stopped and her brace, and I began my innings; when, just as a whirr of wings was heard, up from the bracken jumped a fox, a great red fellow, with a splendid brush! So as we could not do less than give him a "Tally O!" those birds got out of range; but, as we found plenty of pheasants on the farm, and shared them in time between us, Frank, at the finish, had enough to spare for most of his friends and neighbours; and by me Daisy was not forgotten when she put in her claim for "feathers."

I had many good days there, in wood and copse, and a spin with their famous pack; and, when I at length had to leave The Grange, it was with a promise to come again, for, though I could not then see how I could spare the time, Daisy said, "But you must"; and, as what she lacked in words she made up with kisses, I had to say, "Then, for your sake, pet, I will."

It is notified in the *Gazette* that the Queen has appointed Mr. Arthur Child, barrister-at-law, to be Chief Justice of the Colony of Saint Lucia.

An Art and Technical School was opened in the jewellers' quarters, Birmingham, on Sept. 18, by the Mayor. The movement originated with the manufacturing jewellers, and the Assay Office contributed £500, supplemented by a vote of £1500 by the Town Council. Mr. Kenrick, M.P., said he hoped the school would infuse greater art into the jewellery trade—more fancy, grace, and lightness in the designs, after the example of Japanese works being required. The president of the Jewellers' Association asked the masters to close their doors at six, to allow students to attend the classes.

Nagyr.

Yasin.

Hunza.



TYPES OF THE BURISHKI RACE ON THE PAMIR SLOPE NORTH OF KASHMIR.

time, far from the noise of town. Situated between well-wooded heights, the ground slopes from it to the river, on which, midway in the valley, is a lengthy weir, its white foam forming a pleasing point, and its hum a soothing murmur; while the flash of the water shows here and there, as it hurries along with a twist and swirl, to reach the silvery Severn. But, attractive as the river is, there is, round and about there, much else worth seeing, such as low-lying hamlets and clustered villages, where, with primitive customs, you get quaint ways that belong only to the past. Such an old-world place is Deepdale, on the outskirts of which is the farm I went to.

But of the villagers there I then saw but little, as I had much to do while I stayed; for, as there were coveys to be thinned, pheasants to be shot at, rabbits to be ferreted, and cub-hunting to be had, I had not time for aught else than to be with Frank, who, as the harvest was over and the hops got in, was at last at liberty to shoot and hunt, though there still was work on the farm—work that needed his supervision. Thus, there was thatching to be finished, and apples to be picked, land to be ploughed, and turnips hurdled off for sheep; fagoting to be got on with, and timber-hauling to be completed, soil to be carted, and hedges staked and trimmed; the mill had to be put in order for the cider-making, and the drainers were due where the ditchers had been. The farm was one of 500 acres, in which were two woods, some copses, and a small plantation, with a snug dingle, too, near the river; and as, besides hops and fruit, he grew green crops and corn, of ground game he had a fair allowance. As we were to begin with the pheasants on the morrow morning—the birds, next day—we went up to his gun-room after tea, just for the sake of a quiet smoke, and to overhaul the implements; I selecting a 28-breech-loader, and he a 26, which was a certain killer with him behind it. Presently, in came Arnold for his father, as a man had called there about the hay; so, as he is a nice brisk lad, who has just left school, we settled to a chatter, when I found he was not only up in sport but knew



## PANDORA.

The old moralising Greek poet Hesiod, in his own edifying way of relating the Olympian theology, tells the story of Pandora with a manifest purpose of showing that female influence was the beginning of all mischief in this world. If he had been acquainted with the Book of Genesis he would have laid the blame on Eve. His fancy is this: that Zeus, or Jupiter, wishing to punish the brave Titan, Prometheus, for his acts of presumption, ordered Vulcan to fabricate a beautiful new creature, the first woman that ever lived, who was to be sent to Prometheus as his wife. She was named Pandora. "All Gifts," because each of the gods and goddesses presented her with some choice endowment: Venus and the Graces made her fair and lovely; Minerva bestowed intelligence; Hermes, eloquence; Apollo taught her to sing. Moreover, there was a box or chest—our Artist makes it a vase—which she was to bring to her husband, and it was expected that he would be fool enough to open it, when it would be fatal to the welfare of mankind. Prometheus, himself an immortal, was the professed friend and benefactor of the human race, and would be extremely annoyed if he were deluded into doing them any harm.

Well, Pandora was sent down from the heavenly heights, conducted by Mercury, or Hermes, and was introduced to Prometheus, who paid her some compliments, but, suspecting the malice of Jupiter, said he did not intend to marry. Unhappily, his foolish brother Epimetheus, charmed with the woman's beauty—nobody on earth had ever seen a woman before—and covetously desiring also the treasure he supposed to lie hidden in her box, eagerly took her to wife. She was quite innocent; but this rash husband, at the earliest opportunity, raised the lid of the mysterious receptacle; then out flew a host of evil spirits, diseases, vices, and insanities, by which all we poor mortals are plagued to this very day. Hope only was left at the bottom, and Hope is our sole consolation.

A lady of rare genius and literary accomplishments, the late Miss Isabella Harwood, whose "Plays, by Ross Neil," in the judgment of competent critics, are the finest dramatic poems ever written by an Englishwoman, has treated the story of "Pandora" in a different way. Pandora, in her version of it, which sets aside Prometheus, has become the wife of Epimetheus, in a world already full of ordinary men and women. The fatal box is an ancestral possession of that heroic Prince, who warns her that it contains a dreadful store of human ills, and forbids her to think of opening it, much like Bluebeard with his proverbial closet. But she is a woman; she is tempted by curiosity; she insists on being trusted; she asks him to lend the key; she sits looking at the box, just like the woman gazing at the vase in our Artist's picture—till at length—we know what she does, and why did Eve bite the apple? The box is unlocked, and here come the swarm of devils, whose presence we continue to deplore.

Let the philosophical reader, who dares to estimate the comparative wisdom and virtue of the two sexes—for our own part, we dare not—choose between these contrary versions of the ancient fable. Was it the man or the woman, Epimetheus or Pandora, whose indiscretion, as Milton says of eating the forbidden fruit, "brought death into the world, and all our woe"? The majority of the male sex, however, agreed long ago to forgive Pandora, who has not forfeited, at least, her own best gift, the art of pleasing, and without whom, after all, we should not possess the gift of hope.

The Bishop of Nottingham has contributed £100, Mr. E. Stanhope, M.P., £50, and Sir Richard Webster, M.P., £25, towards the Church Enlargement Fund at Woodhall Spa, Lincolnshire. There are several other contributors of £100.

## NOVELS.

*Love's Loyalty.* By Cecil Clarke. Two vols. (Griffith, Farran, Okenen, and Welsh.)—The vivacity of some descriptive passages, and the amiable characters of several young women, and of two young men, in this well-meaning story of domestic life, do not altogether compensate for the lack of just appreciation of consequences from long indulgence in vicious and demoralising conduct. There are two very bad husbands: Mr. Henry Wodehouse, the profligate and dishonest father of the good girls Nora and Shirley; and Mr. Claud Stapleton, who married a schoolfellow of the latter, Mary

the Stock Exchange and the Bourse of Paris, the talk of men at drinking-bars like "Circe's Crib," the tricks of fraudulent company-promoters, and the practice at foreign gaming tables. On the other hand, there is an artless simplicity in the idea that vicious persons of that complexion may be reclaimed by the distribution of prim religious tracts, or by the mild persuasions of Miss Nora Wodehouse, who talks like a proper tract, and who also writes sweet moral tales and poems, which does not favour the presumption of masculine authorship. Mrs. Stapleton, first introduced as a poor lady teacher in Paris, hiding under the name of Madame Traill, has far more knowledge of the world; and her intercourse with the good-natured family

of a tradesman, whom she accompanies to a summer sojourn on the coast of Brittany, is sufficiently pleasant and amusing. The picturesque scenery of Roscoff and St. Pol, near Morlaix, and the seaside diversions of St. Malo are well described. Mrs. Stapleton's undertaking to translate a French philosophical treatise of atheistic and immoral tendency, being sadly in want of money, and her subsequent repentance, when she burns the manuscript on the rocks by the sea-shore, have some interest as an ordeal of religious principle. Her fears of being forcibly recaptured, either in France or in England, by her depraved husband, seem to us considerably exaggerated; for though, in default of a magistrate's order of protection, which is granted on proof of cruelty or desertion, a wife may be exposed to vexatious interference with her pecuniary affairs, she is not to be kidnapped as a fugitive slave. The most agreeable parts of the story are the early scenes of the residence of Mrs. Wodehouse and her two daughters at Dresden, with their boyish cousin, Neill Chaloner, attending school there; and the cheerful patience of the sisters, each working hard, the one as a vocalist, the other attempting literary work, in a cottage at Hampstead Heath. But Miss Shirley's adventurous exploit of singing for halfpence, in the evening, at the doors of a tavern on Haverstock Hill, is not to be commended; and we are better pleased to see her prove her voice and skill among the musical attendants at a City charity dinner. These incidents are cleverly narrated, and the general tone of "Love's Loyalty" is pure and wholesome; only the final triumph of good over evil seems hurried and forced beyond ordinary experience of mankind. That a hardened rogue and swindler, like Henry Wodehouse, should become the trustworthy steward of the young Earl of Musselburgh's estate, and that Claude Stapleton, the debauched victim of delirium tremens, should figure as the pious secretary of a Temperance Home, we are unable to reconcile with sensible views of the conditions of human life.

*Louis Draycott.* By Mrs. R. S. De Courcy Laffan. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall.)—We regret the ill-advised and inconvenient method of relating a story in different sections, ascribed to separate writers—as

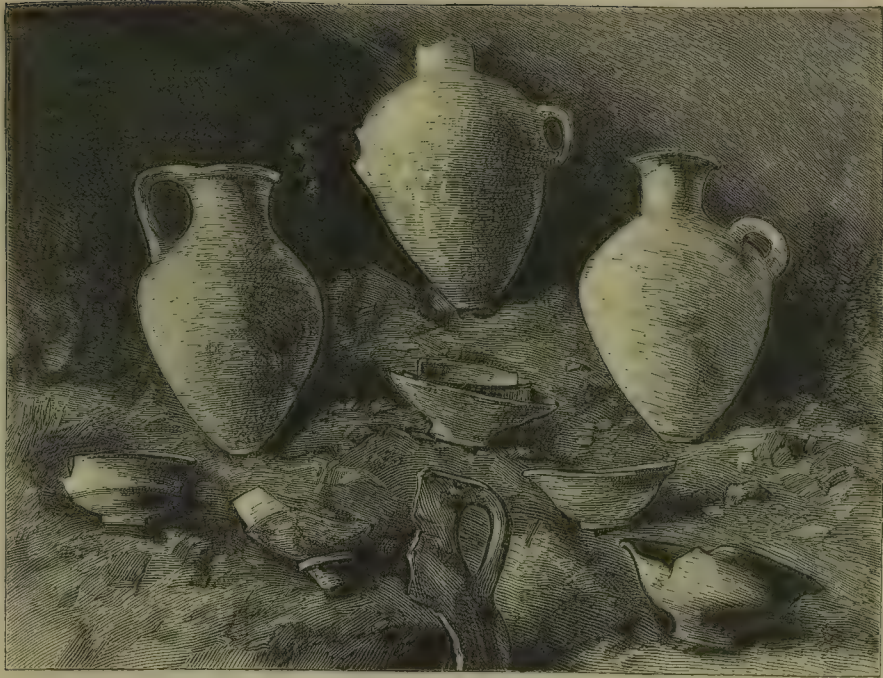
"Book I, Told by Candace Birt"; "Book II, Some Passages from the Diary of the Rev. Louis Draycott"; "Book III, Told by the Author"; and "Book IV, Told by Aunt Dacie," who is Miss Candace Birt again taking the pen. It is fatal to harmony of design and complexion in the narrative; it tends to distract and disturb the imagination with discordant notes of egotism; it drives the reader to shift his contemplative point of view, interrupting the currents of his sympathy, till he loses original interest in the characters; it is an irredeemable literary mistake. But the case of Mr. Draycott, a clergyman who has made an unhappy marriage, and who is chaplain of a prison in London, is such a dismal affair, that whether he writes it, during four months, in his own journal, up to the eve of his intended second wedding, under the false belief that his bad first wife had died, or whether the tale be continued by another hand, when the depraved Rebecca Draycott is brought into the



"PANDORA."—BY GEORGE VON HOESSLIN.

Grace Irimey, and who is a besotted drunkard. After following, through many painful scenes, at home and abroad, the desperate efforts of the innocent ladies, including Mrs. Wodehouse until her death at Dresden, to escape a horrible persecution from which, it is supposed, there is no release but through the Divorce Court, we cannot easily accept the sudden conversion of both those inveterate sinners into safe and decent family men, worthy members of society, and proper objects of feminine affection. Kindness, forgiveness, and Christian influence may do a good deal; but this summary moral transformation, produced by a mere exhibition of filial and conjugal tenderness contrasting with previous well-merited aversion, is scarcely credible in such cases of extreme corruption. We do not know, from the name "Cecil Clarke," whether the writer of this novel be a lady or one of the rougher sex; and that doubt is greater from the show of a minute acquaintance with the habits of irregular hangers-on around





POTTERY FOUND IN THE RUINS OF LACHISH.



POTTERY FOUND IN THE RUINS OF LACHISH.



MOUND OF TELL-EL-HESI, THE SITE OF LACHISH, NEAR GAZA.



DRAUGHTED MASONRY AND STEPS, RUINS OF LACHISH.



CAVETTO MOULDING OF DOOR-LINTEL, RUINS OF LACHISH.



prison charged with murder, we need some little relief. This might have been supplied by some lighter and pleasanter chapters, similar to those in which Miss Birt, a chirpy, kindly, homely old maid, left in charge of the orphaned child and three step-children of her deceased brother, a Major in the Madras Army, exhibits scenes of family affection. But all that happened many years before; and Mazie or Margaret Birt, then a baby, is now the sweet young lady betrothed to Louis Draycott, a man between thirty and forty years of age. One of her half-brothers, Dumphie McGregor, has become a commercial clerk in the City, and is a fine, sturdy, true-hearted fellow, the protector of Mazie in all her severe trials. It is not in their suburban home at Prospect-place, but chiefly within the precincts of the jail, that the important transactions find place. Which of the actual prisons this could be it is difficult to guess, for we are unaware of any in which a capital sentence might be executed, and in which also untried prisoners are received. They are under distinct regulations, but it would be surprising to find, in any modern prison, so much domestic ease and freedom allowed to the gate-keepers, the turnkeys, and the female warders; so much personal gossip, or such easy admission of visitors; and we fancy that no prison authorities would permit the chaplain, when his own lawful wife became notoriously an inmate of the cells for criminals before and after trial, to remain in the ordinary exercise of his official functions, prepared to walk by her side to the gallows. The elimination of these peculiarly distressing circumstances will reduce Mr. Draycott's painful ordeal of faith and duty to credible proportions. It appears to be that of a good and virtuous man, a devoted Christian minister, who had rashly wedded, being a country parish curate, the wicked sister of his Rector; she had taken to drink, had been separated from her husband, and had sunk to the lowest depths of female degradation. He was deceived by a report of her death, while she associated with the vilest class of abandoned women, till one day, in a drunken quarrel of jealousy, she stabbed and killed one of her companions in vice. This is a terrible story indeed, and Louis Draycott is much to be commiserated when it comes to his knowledge, just after his engagement to an innocent girl, many years below his own age, who was ignorant of his former wretched marriage; the behaviour of Mazie is positively angelic, and her interviews with the dreadful Rebecca, wooing her to penitence and Divine hope, are pathetically described. Yet there is an air of unreality, to our thinking, about the whole situation, with an intrusion of small fussy trivialities, especially due to Aunt Dacie and brother Dumphie, which spoils the dramatic effect. It may be worth mentioning, in conclusion, that Rebecca Draycott is not hanged, but is found guilty of manslaughter and sent to a female convict prison, where Mazie Birt sees her once in six months until her death. Louis Draycott, after recovering from brain fever, resigns the chaplaincy and goes as a missionary to South Africa, but is returning to marry the faithful Mazie on the last page of this book, which one is content to lay aside, rather oppressed with melancholy by such gloomy incidents and strained relations in a sphere of intolerable affliction. A prison chaplain, one would say, is better without a wife.

#### OBITUARY.

SIR CHARLES MANLEY BROWNE, BART.



Sir Charles Manley Browne, third Baronet of Johnstown, county Dublin, died on Sept. 5. He was the last surviving son of Sir John Edmond Browne, on whom a Baronetcy of Ireland was conferred in 1797, and succeeded to the title in 1869, at the decease of his brother, Sir John Edmond de Beauvoir, second Baronet, M.P., who had changed his name from Browne. Sir Charles married, in 1840, Jane, daughter of Mr. Thomas Macaulay Cruttwell of Perrymead Lodge, Bath, and had one child, John, who died unmarried in 1877. As Sir Charles Browne has left no issue, the Baronetcy expires with him.

MR. PICKERING PHIPPS.

Mr. Pickering Phipps of Collingtree, Northamptonshire, J.P., a member of the Northamptonshire County Council, died at his seat near Northampton, on Sept. 14, aged sixty-eight. He was eldest son of Mr. Edward Phipps, of that town, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Mr. St. John Outlaw of Irthlingborough, and was a Justice of the Peace for Northamptonshire. On two occasions he was elected Mayor of the county town, and sat in Parliament as its representative, 1874 to 1880, and for South Northamptonshire 1881 to 1885. He was senior partner of the firm of Phipps and Son, brewers. He married, in 1850, Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. John Whitney, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Dr. Peter Hood, of Seymour-street and Watford, a highly respected member of the medical profession, in his eighty-second year.

Colonel William Stevens, Military Knight of Windsor, late Hampshire Regiment, on Sept. 13, aged seventy-seven, at Windsor Castle.

Sir Archibald Douglas Stewart, Bart., of Glantully and Murtly, at Murtly Castle, on Sept. 20, after a brief illness, aged eighty-three. His memoir will be given in our next issue.

Colonel R. T. Thompson, late commandant at the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, Hounslow, on Sept. 21, at his residence, the Old Palace, Richmond. He had seen much active service.

Colonel Richard Augustus Cooper, Tipperary Light Infantry, late Captain 93rd Highlanders and Scots Guards, third son of the late Mr. Richard Wordsworth Cooper of Longford Lodge, Kingstown, by the Hon. Emilia de Montmorency, his wife, on Sept. 16, aged fifty-seven.

The Venerable Richard William Payne Davies, M.A., of Court-y-Gollen, Brecknockshire, J.P., late Rector of Llangasty, and Archdeacon of Brecon, on Sept. 14, at his residence near Crickhowell. He was born in 1806, the eldest son of Mr. Richard Davies of Court-y-Gollen, and married twice.

Mr. William Bretherton of Runshaw Hall, in the county of Lancaster, J.P., last surviving son of the late Mr. William Bretherton of Heskin Hall, on Sept. 14, aged sixty-one. He was patron of two livings; married, 1856, Margaret, only child of the late Mr. Richard Norris of Lostock Brow, and leaves issue.

Mrs. Amelia Vertue Jodrell, widow of Mr. Charles Fitzgerald Higgins of Westport, in the county of Mayo, and only daughter of the late Sir Richard Paul Jodrell, Bart., of Sall Park, Norfolk, on Sept. 15, in her sixty-ninth year. This lady, on whom devolved, at the death of her brother, Sir Edward R. Jodrell, third Baronet, the settled estates of Sall Park, Norfolk, and Nethercote House, Oxfordshire, assumed by Royal license in 1883 the surname and arms of Jodrell.

#### PALESTINE EXPLORATION DISCOVERIES.

The Exhibition recently opened by Mr. Flinders Petrie at the Oxford Mansions, of which we have already given some account, includes not only his latest collection of Egyptian antiquities, but also the few relics he has brought home from an interesting locality in Syria, where he began last April to make excavations for the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. This is the district around Khurbet Ajlan, in the country of the Amorites, who are described, in the "Book of Judges," as dwelling "in Mount Heres, in Aijalon, and in Shalbm"; their King, Sihon, also called King of Heshbon, was defeated by the Israelites under Jephthah; and we read of Eglon and Lachish being two of their chief cities. Another branch of the Amorites was ruled by Og, the King of Bashan, and they spread both east and west of the Jordan. The situation of Khurbet Ajlan is about fourteen miles north-east of Gaza.



PILASTER DECORATED WITH A RAM'S HORN VOLUTE (JEWISH).

In the *Contemporary Review* for September is an article by Professor A. H. Sayce, describing the recent discovery of the site of Lachish and Eglon, which were towns closely adjacent to each other; Lachish, a strong fortress, is identified with a mound now called Tell-el-Hesi, and he thinks Eglon may probably be found hard by, on Tell-on-Nejileh; but the former is not now considered doubtful. Mr. Flinders Petrie, authorised by a Turkish firman from Constantinople, began digging, on April 14, at Umm-el-Laquis, the name of which had been supposed to refer to Lachish; but he found there only some fragments of Roman pottery. He then transferred his operations to Tell-el-Hesi, six miles from the village of Bure: it is a mound 60 ft. high, about 200 ft. square, consisting of the accumulated ruins of five or six towns, built successively, one on the top of another. The lowest and most ancient, which must have been the Amorite town or fort, constructed at an earlier date than the arrival of the Israelites in Palestine, is surrounded with a wall, 28 ft. 6 in. thick, still standing 21 ft. high, of clay bricks dried in the sun. Large quantities of Amorite pottery are found in this enclosure. Among the ruins of the old wall are traces of huts, built of stones and clay, which Professor Sayce imagines to have been inhabited by the Israelite garrison after capturing and destroying the Amorite city. The wall may have been 40 ft. or 50 ft. high; as it is said in Deuteronomy, chap. i. v. 28, "The cities were great, and fenced up to heaven." A good deal of the thick black Phœnician pottery, reputed to be not older than 1100 B.C., lies above the wall.

Lachish was probably not a place of great importance under the Jewish monarchy, except as a fortress; but there are remains of an upper brick wall, 13 ft. thick, along the north and west sides, with a tower at the north-west corner, apparently repaired or rebuilt on three or four occasions, which are pronounced to be of the age of the Kings. To this period is ascribed the date of some stone slabs with sculptured pilasters, one of which is shown in our Illustrations. This pilaster has a sloping side, based on a low stone cushion, and decorated with a volute at the top, shaped like a ram's horn, executed by masons of the same school with those employed in the building of Solomon's Temple; and one of the slabs bears a graffito of a lion (?), with a line-and-edge ornamentation, in a style ascribed to the reign of Rehoboam. Mr. Petrie had not time, this year, to get into the centre of the mound, and there to search for sculptures or inscriptions. Along with these slabs was a stone with a deep cavetto moulding, similar to that which surmounts ancient Egyptian buildings; which is also given in one of our Illustrations.

The remaining Illustrations are those of some of the pottery, which Mr. Petrie dates about the twelfth century B.C. Among the fragments of pottery found in the lower or Amorite strata are some new forms; one piece had evidently been a double jar, with a connecting hole between the two. One of our Engravings represents this peculiar vessel. There are also two fragments of pottery, which seem to have had a fine glaze upon them, and were ornamented in a simple manner with scratched lines.

There is another point of great importance on which light has been thrown by these explorations. Visitors to Jerusalem are all struck by the grand old wall, and its large bevelled stones, which surround the Haram enclosure, within which the Temple stood. The date of that wall has been a difficult point to determine. Sir Charles Wilson, Sir Charles Warren, and Major Conder are good authorities who have carefully studied the subject, but yet have widely varied in their judgments, and have differed in the dates over periods as far apart as from the time of Solomon to that of Herod. Professor Hayter Lewis, by minute investigation, noticed that all the stones were worked by a "comb-pick," or a "claw-tool," which only appears in other places at the Greek period. Mr. Petrie has found the same tooling at the same date in Egypt—the one thus confirming the other. At Tell-el-Hesi the remains of a stone wall, or "glacis," were come upon, to which the date of about 700 B.C. is given, or about the time of Hezekiah; on these stones there is no sign of the comb-pick tool. The conclusion this points to is that the wall at Jerusalem, as well as that at Hebron, only dates from the Herodian period.



FRAGMENTS OF AMORITE GLAZED POTTERY.

If this conclusion stand the test of further investigation, it will supply the archaeologists of Palestine with a most valuable piece of data on which to work out further discoveries. Among our Illustrations is one of a portion of this wall at Tell-el-Hesi, along with some steps which led down to the glacis.

One of the ruins found had doorways of fine white limestone, and among the slabs some of them had a pilaster sculptured on them; these were upside down, showing that they had belonged to some former building. Mr. Petrie ascribes a date of about 1000 B.C. to the structure. According to the terms of agreement with the Turkish officials, these slabs could not be removed, but casts were taken, and may be seen at the Oxford Mansions. The sculptured pilaster has an architectural value in reference to the origin of the Ionic volute of the Greeks. The Ionic scroll has hitherto been explained as having originated from copying the twisted locks of a woman's hair; but this pilaster points to the greater possibility that the first motive on which it was based was a ram's horn. Phœnician remains show that horns were used as capitals, and we have the "horns of the altar" as another example of architectural decoration, and others might be quoted, all tending to the same conclusion. Mr. Petrie considers that in this fragment we are for the first time face to face with the architecture of the period of the Jewish Kings. This is really something new, and, although small, it is in itself an important step in our knowledge. As part of the door, a block of stone was also found with a deep cavetto moulding—similar to that which surmounts an Egyptian pylon; we know from other remains that this form had been adopted by the Phœnician builders, and that it was common at an early period along the Syrian coast, showing that Egyptian architecture had an influence in this locality previous to the Greek period.

The number of objects now exhibiting from Tell-el-Hesi are few, but their worth is not to be estimated by their quantity. Their real value depends on what they teach us. In fact, they do add considerably to our knowledge; but further explorations are wanted to confirm the conclusions these have pointed to. Our explorers have discovered for us the monuments of the Moabites; to a certain extent, they have unveiled the hitherto unknown "Kingdom of the Hittites"; and now, for the first time, they have come upon the remains of the Amorites. Having made a beginning, we cannot rest here. More explorations must be looked for.

The capture of Lachish by Sennacherib, King of Assyria, took place in the fourteenth year of Hezekiah's reign in Judah; and Hezekiah is stated, in the second Book of Kings, to have sent a message to the Assyrian monarch at Lachish. Sculptured in bas-relief on the walls of one of the palaces at Babylon, a representation of the taking of Lachish is now at the British Museum, and is equal to such a contemporary pictorial testimony as might have appeared in the *Babylon Illustrated News*. So this old town fell under Assyrian and Babylonian rule; another historical layer of buildings was added to the preceding deposits; and we may look for clay tablets with cuneiform writing, perhaps the official despatches from the Court of the Great King to the Governor of Lachish. In due time, however, came the Macedonian conquests of Western Asia, and a Greek colonial town arose on the site of so many different habitations; the relics of the Grecian settlement being the latest that now appear. The Amorite foundation, of course, is of prehistoric antiquity; that nation seems to have been most powerful in Syria, conquering many provinces of the Moabite dominion, in the time immediately after Moses bequeathed to Joshua the task of winning the Promised Land.

#### MR. WATTS, R.A., ON ART GALLERIES.

Mr. T. C. Horsfall sends to the Manchester papers a letter which he has received from Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who says that he is still in indifferent health, on the management of art galleries:—

The subject (Mr. Watts says) is one I have thought much about, though hardly with a view of formulating any principles, and it would puzzle me much to suggest any definite plan. I think it most desirable to have galleries of art, and that it would be desirable to have very good copies, originals being out of the question; but I think galleries of pictures are more for those whose tastes have been awakened and in some degree formed than for those who have never given any attention to the subject. A taste for art, which means interest in all that is beautiful, must be sown, not planted. I think the only way to do anything capable of bearing real fruit would be to attack ignorance and indifference on the subject by getting a number of teachers no more capable of producing pictures than the majority of religious missionaries are capable of being Bishops, but who would take the children in schools, or such operatives as might be willing to spend an hour of their holiday time in listening, and demonstrate the wonders and beauty of some of the common objects around. . . . Of course, large collections of artistic and beautiful objects are valuable, as great libraries are, and no great city should be without them; but they are rather confounding, even while interesting, to the general and ignorant observer, and do not, I think, do more than awaken a passing interest. A daisy carefully and truly painted would give the sightseer greater pleasure than the real flower would. The artist might spring out of such an awakening of a new sense, but the teaching would not have for its object the making of an artist. Artists, like poets, are born, not made.

The Rev. S. Barnett, of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, London, borrows and exhibits in holiday times a few pictures, and crowds of the very lowest from the squalid slums in the district throng to see them. There is always someone to point out and explain. The result has been found to be most satisfactory. The same thing is done at the People's Palace, under the superintendence of Sir Edmund Currie. I think we have here the real system, which might be amplified on the same lines to any extent. . . . Of course what are called historical pictures are of use in creating interest in historical matters, and so far in developing ideas. But I do not regard them as valuable from an artistic point of view, certainly not likely as a matter of practice to develop artistic ability.

Favoured by splendid weather, the great Temperance Fête, held on Sept. 20 in Waterlow Park, Highgate, by permission of the London County Council, was a complete success.

Colonel A. Hill, R.E., has taken over the command of the Royal Engineers in Canada, vice Colonel O'Brien; and Captain W. Huskisson, R.E., has been appointed Professor at the Royal Military College at Kingston, Canada.

On resigning the living of Swaffham, Norfolk, Canon Winter has been presented by the parishioners with a purse containing 100 gs., while Mrs. Winter received a handsomely fitted travelling-bag, and their eldest daughter a gold watch and chain and a gold bracelet.

News is transmitted from Yokohama of the foundering of the Turkish frigate Ertogroul, and of the mail steamer Musashi Maru, during a gale on the south coast of Japan. The crew of the war-vessel numbered about six hundred, and of these only six officers and fifty-seven sailors were saved. Among the drowned are Vice-Admiral Osman Pasha, and Ali Bey, captain of the ship. With one exception all on board the mail steamer perished.



THE METROPOLITAN VOLUNTEERS.

Several thousand Metropolitan Volunteers were, on Sept. 20, under arms near London for instructional purposes.

Some very interesting operations were carried out in Epping Forest between a force of about 200 officers and men from Haileybury College and the Herts Company of the Bedfordshire Battalion, under Major Hoare, of Haileybury, and a much smaller force under Serjeant-Major Clark, 18th Middlesex Rifles, composed of members of the Metropolitan Volunteer Sergeants' Tactical Association. Major Smith, R.A. and D.A.A.G. Home District, superintended the operations as Umpire-in-Chief, assisted by an ample staff of officers belonging to the South Lancashire Regiment, H.A.C., Oxford Yeomanry, Royal Warwick Regiment, 4th, 14th, and 17th Middlesex, 4th Kent, and 3rd Surrey Rifles. The chief umpire had issued to each force a special idea—that of the larger force, assuming it to be a force covering an army, advancing from the north to the attack of the Metropolis. The commander of the outposts received information from his chief of an intended concentration of the enemy's troops just south of Loughton-road to High Beech, and was directed to carry out a reconnaissance in force with all available details, in order to penetrate the enemy's cordon and ascertain his force and dispositions. Meanwhile, the southern outpost commander had been warned of his chief's intention to throw forward his advance guard to Earl's Bath, and orders were given to arrest promptly any reconnaissance that might be made by the invader in that part of the forest. Precisely at 5 p.m. (before which hostilities were not to commence) Serjeant-Major Clark, who had his patrols upon the Clay-road, was attacked by a force at least six times his own strength. He at once resolved to concentrate his men at Caesar's Camp, the strongest point of his position. The onslaught was resisted for some time; but when "Cease fire!" sounded it was naturally found that the invaders had succeeded in breaking through the cordon of outposts. Both forces subsequently assembled near High Beech Church. The Umpire-in-Chief expressed his satisfaction with the knowledge and intelligence displayed on both sides, and pointed out various faults which both had committed.

The London Scottish and the 18th Middlesex Rifles were both engaged on the 20th in outpost work and picket duty on and near Wimbledon Common; and at Sydenham the London Rifle Brigade was out in good force for the purpose of carrying out a novel competition, in which judging distance and fire discipline were combined. Major Earl Waldegrave took command of the right half and Captain Adjutant Skene Thomson the left half-battalion. The attack was conducted by rushes alternately from the right and left, two volleys being fired by word of command, and at the distance judged by the half-company, company, and half-battalion commanders respectively. Each rush was stopped by the sound of bugle, no man being allowed after the halt to touch his rifle-sights until they had been inspected by the umpires. At the final rush, the two sides being within 200 yards of each other, the command "Two rounds independent firing!" was given, and a veritable *feu d'enfer* ensued. Then the "Cease fire!" was given by the bugle, and every man was called up separately to ascertain how far each had been able to form intelligent opinions with regard to the practice, and whether the sighting for the last distance was correctly put up.

The City of London Engineers held their annual prize meeting at Rainham on the 20th. The wind blew a gale from the right rear, and the light was very changeable. The ranges were 200, 500, and 600 yards, seven shots each. Series A: Colonel Mullins's challenge cup, badge, £5 5s—Corporal Parnell (second time), 86. The Regimental Association Prizes: Corporal Parnell, 83; Corporal Lever, 83; Sergeant Daw, 79; Sapper Bell, 78.

The members of the Honourable Artillery Company held their annual prize meeting on Sept. 19, at Park. Besides a long list of prizes, the final possession of the gold, silver, and bronze jewels was decided. Prizes were presented by Lord Colville of Culross (the commanding officer), Lieutenant-Colonel Viscount De Vesci, Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, and others. The chief prize, the gold jewel, with the championship of the regiment, was won by Private Gilbert; the silver jewel was taken by Corporal Varley; and the bronze jewel went to Private Munn. The aggregate prizes were taken by Lieutenant Carpenter, Sergeant Wood, Private Gilbert, Staff-Sergeant Wace, Private Brooking, Corporal Varley, Private Homer, and Major Munday.

Referring to a statement in our last issue that Sergeant Fulton, of the Queen's Westminster, had beaten the record in the home district with a score of 101 out of a possible 105 at 200, 500, and 600 yards, a correspondent writes as follows: "It may be interesting to note that at the Highland Rifle Association meeting at Inverness, on Aug. 7 last, this score was excelled by two competitors in one competition—namely, the All Comers, James MacRitchie, of Inverness, making 103, and Calliton, of Rosshire, 102 out of a possible 105. MacRitchie's score was made up of six bulls and an inner at 200 yards, six bulls and an inner at 500 yards, and seven bulls at 600 yards, certainly the finest shooting ever recorded in this country. In the same competition Lieutenant Macdonald, of the Queen's Edinburgh, recorded a score of 100. Of course, these scores were, like Fulton's, made under most favourable conditions."

The Queen of Roumania, who, owing to the interesting proceedings at Bethesda Quarries, was unable to complete the full programme mapped out for her on Sept. 16, went over the remainder of the ground next day, starting in company with Lord and Lady Penrhyn, the Dowager Lady Penrhyn, and Lord and Lady Mostyn. Her Majesty drove about twenty miles through some of the loveliest scenery in North Wales. On the 17th her Majesty left Penrhyn Castle, driving through Llanberis to Capel Curig, where lunch was served at the hotel. She drove thence to Bettws-y-coed, and left by special train for Llandudno. The Queen left Llandudno on the 18th for Ireland. On arrival at Holyhead she was warmly greeted, a large crowd having assembled at the railway-station. The Queen embarked on board the mail-steamers for Kingstown. On the arrival of the vessel at Kingstown, her Majesty was received by the Earl of Meath and the directors of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company. The Royal party left immediately by special train for Bray, which was reached by half past five. Her Majesty was presented with an address from the local Corporation, and was warmly received by a large crowd assembled to welcome her. The Queen visited Dublin on the 19th, accompanied by her suite. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress received her Majesty, and conducted her to the cathedral and other places of interest in the city. The Queen was everywhere very respectfully saluted. In the evening an illuminated fête was given in honour of the Queen, who lunched with the Earl and Countess of Meath, at Killybegs House. On the 20th she drove out to view the scenery around Bray, and on the 21st proceeded to Glenart Castle, the residence of Lord Cressford, near Arklow.

CHESS.

A T S (Tunbridge Wells).—We are sorry we cannot reply by post. The game have not been published yet, but a collection of them is sure to appear sooner or later. You will probably see them noticed at the time of issue.

Dr P B BENNIE (Melbourne).—We will try to remedy the defect complained of.

STAR MOVE (College Park).—In the game you mention White's tenth move ought to have been printed P to R 4th, not P to R 5th. The subsequent moves are quite right. We can give you no general rule for correcting obvious slips. One's knowledge of the game must do that. We can only deal with them as they are pointed out.

S W C (The Temple).—Your problem is well constructed, but it is too easy.

R J WINTER WOOD.—Much obliged. Glad to hear from you again.

R KELLY.—Your three-mover is still defective. 1. Q to K 8th, K moves; 2. Q to K 2nd (ch), &c. If Black play 1. B to K 2nd; 2. P to Q 3rd, &c. Try the effect of placing a B Kt at Black's K R 8th.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM Nos. 2408, 2409, and 2410 received from P R Bennie (Melbourne); of No. 2411 from J B Daily (Madras); of No. 2415 from O H B (Cape of Good Hope) and J E Daily; of No. 2416 from Dr A R V Sastry (Tumkur) and O H B; of No. 2417 from J E Daily and J Hawley (Calcutta); of No. 2418 from Jacob Benjamin (Bombay); of Nos. 2419 and 2420 from A C (Musselries); of No. 2421 from Dr F St and A C; of No. 2422 from V (Guernsey); B D Knox; J T Pallen, W H D Henvey, F H M, Columbus, Tortebesse, A W H Gell (Exeter), Clift (Geneva), Alpha, M Mullendorff, Captain J A Challice, and Swynnol.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2423 received from Serjeant W Sturges (Beverley); W H D Henvey, V (Guernsey); B D Knox, Spec, W F Langford, J Good, W R B (Plymouth), Martin F, J Saco, A Newman, J T Pallen, Mula-Nish, Julia Short, W Hickman, Bawn, L Schult (Vienna), H Down, Sorrento, G E Perugini, Mrs. Wilson, Dr F St, R F N Banks, D McVoy, Mrs. Kelly, M Mullendorff, A W H Gell, A T (Kendal), Herbert Chown, A C Harder, M R Fitzmaurice, R Louden, J Dixon, W David, J Hall, Shadforth, F H M, Fr Fernando, P C (Shrewsbury), J and W Tucker (Leeds), Dr. Walitz (Heidelberg), Lt.-Col. Lorraine, P Warham, T G (Ware), F G Rowland, E E H, R H Brooks, T Roberts, Columbus, H S B (Fairholme), and Jupiter Junior.

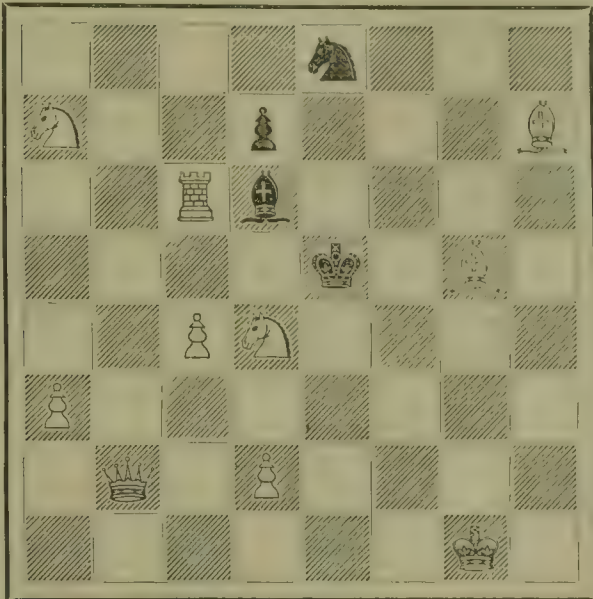
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2421.—By MAX FEIGL.

WHITE. 1. Kt to Q 4th. 2. Kt to B 6th (ch). 3. B mates.

BLACK. K to K 5th. K takes P.

If Black play 1. B to K B 6th, then 2. Kt to Kt 6th (ch), an l 3. B mates.

PROBLEM No. 2425 By F. HEALEY. BLACK.



White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE MANCHESTER CONGRESS. Game played between Messrs. SHALLOPP and TINSLEY. (Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. T.) 1. P to Q 4th. 2. Kt to K B 3rd. 3. Kt to Q B 3rd. 4. P to K 3rd.

BLACK (Mr. S.) P to K B 4th. Kt to K B 3rd. P to K 3rd. B to K 2nd.

P to K 5th we consider a better square for this Bishop. The K P is weakened, presently, by B to K 2nd, and an open King's file will then be useful for its support.

5. B to Q 3rd. 6. B to Q 2nd. 7. Castles. 8. Kt to K 5th.

Temporarily Black to leave his King's Pawn defenceless. The trap, however, is obvious enough, and a player of Black's strength ought surely to have detected the hidden design.

8. P to Q 3rd. 9. Kt to B 3rd. Q Kt to Q 2nd.

A palpable and fatal oversight. Black's Kt would save him for the time being, but his position is not good.

10. Kt to K Kt 5th. Q to K sq. 11. Kt takes K P. Q to Kt 3rd. 12. P to K B 3rd. K R to B sq. 13. P to K Kt 4th.

Completing his opponent's discomfiture. It would be difficult to speak too highly of White's attack from this point.

Game played between Messrs. LOCOCK and MORTIMER. (Petroff's Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. L.) 1. P to K 4th. 2. Kt to K B 3rd. 3. Kt takes P. 4. Kt to K B 3rd. 5. P to Q 4th. 6. B to Q 3rd.

BLACK (Mr. M.) P to K 4th. Kt to K B 3rd. P to Q 3rd. Kt takes P. P to Q 4th. Kt to Q B 3rd.

Although generally given in the books as Black's best move, Mr. Steinitz considers this as very questionable.

7. Castles. B to K 2nd. 8. P to B 4th. B to K 3rd. 9. P to B 5th. B to Kt 5th. 10. B to K 3rd. Castles. 11. Kt to B 3rd. Kt takes Kt. 12. P takes Kt. P to B 4th. 13. P to K R 3rd. B to R 4th. 14. Q to K sq.

Unusually bold for tournament play, as it exposes his King to a sharp attack. White being in a daring vein might have played 14. P to K Kt 4th, and, if P takes P, 15. Kt to R 2nd, winning back the P with a defensible position. If B takes P, White would win as follows: 15. Q takes B, P takes Kt (ch); 16. K to R sq, P to Kt 3rd; 17. B takes P, P takes P; 18. Q takes P (ch), K to R sq; 19. R to K Kt sq, P takes R; 20. R takes P, and the mate cannot be prevented.

15. P takes B. B takes Kt. 16. K to R 2nd. R to B 3rd. 17. B to K Kt 5th. R to B 2nd. 18. B takes B.

18. Kt takes B. 19. Q takes P.

Too late to be of any use: Black needs care but little for such Pawns when the Q is taken out of play thereby, and time given to develop an attack.

19. Q R to K B sq. 20. B to Kt 5th. Kt to Q sq. 21. R to K Kt sq. Kt to Kt 3rd. 22. B to B 6th. Kt to B 5th. 23. R to Kt 3rd. R to B 3rd. 24. Q R to K Kt sq. Kt to R 3rd. 25. R takes P (ch). K to R 3rd. 26. Q R to Kt 5th. Kt takes P. 27. R to Kt 3rd. Kt to B 5th (dis. ch).

28. K to Kt sq. Kt to K 7th (ch). 29. K to Kt 2nd. Kt takes R. 30. R takes Kt. Q to R 5th. 31. K to B sq. Q to R 5th (ch). 32. R to K sq. Q to R 6th (ch). 33. K to K 2nd. R to K 3rd (ch). And Black wins.

We learn, with regret, that Mr. Edwyn Anthony is retiring from the Chess Column of the *Hereford Times*. Under his learned editorship his paper has been favourably known in chess circles all the world over, and his views have commanded the approval of the highest authorities of the game. It is some satisfaction to note that he has secured the services of Mr. F. J. Lee as his successor, whose name is a guarantee that the ability of the column will be fully maintained.

The secretaries of the Metropolitan Chess Clubs met on Sept. 16 to arrange inter-club matches for the season. Owing to lack of support the senior competition fell through, the three leading clubs having apparently frightened opponents out of the field. For the junior contest, however, upwards of twenty entries were made, a number which necessitates a division into two sections. The winners of each of these will play off for first and second prizes, and an interesting struggle may be looked for.

At a largely attended meeting of the Plymouth Chess Club, on Sept. 15, the report was highly satisfactory. Mr. T. Winter Wood and Mr. Carslake W. Wood were re-elected President and Hon. Sec. respectively for the ensuing year.

MICHAEL.

A quaint nook out of the world's way was the tanyard at the old East Brig. From the overhanging woods above, a little burn came singing down in the sunshine, half hidden in the deep grasses and clovers, and filled a tiny pond. This pond supplied the water for the yard below, where in the square pits of brown tan liquor the hides were laid astoop.

In this tanyard it was that Michael wrought. A short man he was, well past middle life, with sandy hair, and great hands reddened and rough with his work. Quick to defend himself and his, with the instinct of townsman of an older day, he would not scruple to fling a stone after anyone seen fighting with his son; and among the urchins of the neighbourhood many a barked shin could testify to this rough and ready method of settling a feud. Of a sturdy independence, a trifle tenacious of his own will, he was an altogether faithful workman, his occupation the honest interest of his life. In this respect he and his fellows were—perhaps, for the happiness of modern labour, it is to be regretted—specimens of a class that has now all but passed away. Every morning, regular as the clock, at a quarter to six, Michael and the others were to be seen at the tanwork gate. By trade he was a skinner in the yard. He did not touch the cow-hides; his business lay only with the sheep-skins, and any day for forty years he might be seen just under the roof edge of his own particular shed, bending bare-armed over a sloping bench and scraping off wool with a great curved knife. Before him lay the yard with its warm brown litter of spent bark, and the pits, about which one or two of the other men might sometimes be seen leisurely at work. At hand was the tall drying-house, with its sides latticed to let the wind blow through, and the air of the whole place was full of the pungent odour of the tan. Here all day long he wrought contentedly, with an interval only about twelve o'clock, when, on the open corner outside the tanyard gate, he and his fellow-workmen shared their midday meal of bread and cheese with some score or so of neighbouring pigeons which came down about their feet.

The trade of tanner, however, was only one of Michael's many accomplishments. When the skins were all laid astoop in the pits, he would get out a spade and betake himself to work in the little old-fashioned garden above the tanyard, where under the woods the white lilies floated so plentifully on the pond. And the flourishing condition of the rare old flowers and fruits there testified to the gardener's skill. Sometimes one of his master's daughters would come here to gather blossoms or fruit for the table or rose-leaves to keep dry in jars, and immensely pleased in his own undemonstrative way was Michael when, as generally happened if Miss Mary was the visitor, she appeared to take some interest in his work. Then his eyes lit up under their bushy brows, he became communicative, and it would be seen that every plant had a story of its own. The carnations were rare cuttings got from the gardener of the manor-house not far away; the sweet peas were a special sort which his master had been made to write to Edinburgh for; even the nasturtiums which flamed gorgeously everywhere were from seed that had been carefully selected from a certain plant last year. Engrossed over these details, the grim old fellow was as interested and pleased in the sunny little nook of garden there as if it had been his own. It was his own in all that makes the truest sort of possession.

At the top of that little garden, by the way, the lands of three lairds met, and here on Hallowe'en at night the young women of the neighbourhood used secretly to come, each to wash a bit of linen in the running water and hang it up to dry, to see what young man's wraith would appear to turn the garment and kiss the owner; for that young man, it was averred, would be the lass's future husband. Here, it is said, a certain old bachelor, a neighbour of Michael, once lay in wait and turned the linen and kissed the lips of every lass who came upon the scene. The sequel is unknown to history.

Everybody took snuff in those days, and Michael was a famous maker of snuff-mulls. This was one of his many occupations in the winter evenings, and some of his productions in wood and horn were curious pieces of ingenuity. He himself was an inveterate snuffer, and, his fingers at his work being generally wet, he could not without inconvenience take a pinch in the usual way. To overcome this difficulty he made a mull with a contrivance on the end like that on a powder-flask, which would measure out a due modicum of the precious dust, to be snuffed up without his touching it at all. He was wonderfully handy, too, with hammer and saw, and could turn out stools and chairs and tables like any carpenter. Indeed, the work of his hand in this way, as the solid deal furniture of his own dwelling testified, was in some respects better than that to be purchased; for there was an honesty and individuality about the tables and benches which is apt to be absent from tradesmen's work.

Nowadays we depend on cash, and trust to the shop for everything. But Michael and those like him were of an entirely different habit of life, and this self-reliance produced an independence and originality of character which is all but unknown now. When Michael's wife came to suggest that the bairns' boots were "gay an' far through," a journey up the street to the shop was the last thing thought of. The good-man just drew out his ancient stool by the low window, if it were a summer evening, or to the fireside if it were winter, and with last and leather, hog's bristle and rosetty thread, soon produced a pair or two of solid understandings.

In ways like these Michael possessed, perhaps, the truest secret of happiness—a secret apt to be missed entirely by more ambitious folk. He was interested intensely in everything about him. The tapering of every chair-leg was the work of his own hands. The neat infant's cradle or the curiously wrought cage for the speaking starling remained a satisfaction from the ingenuity that had been spent upon it, or as the remembered gift of some friend. Always occupied with what lay nearest, whether making shoes for his children, shaving the wool from the skins in the tanyard, or putting in cuttings in his master's garden above, he found happiness, because he was not seeking for it.

For forty years Michael had gone regularly about his work in the tannery. On the sunny summer mornings, when the sweet airs were coming down from the wood, and the pigeons were cooing and fluttering on the low tile roofs, and in winter, when it was still dark, and the rime stood white as salt on the wooden casing of the tan-pits, he had always been in the yard as the clock up in the town steeple struck six. But there came a morning when the gate did not open as usual. It was past the hour—a thing which had never happened before, and Michael and his fellows continued to wait outside, surprised. At last the old foreman came round and told them that the gate would not open that day. The tanwork had failed.

Strangely, without a word, Michael went home. In forty years' time his daily occupation—the interests of the yard and its master—had come to form part of his life, and at once, without warning, these had been taken away. There was a good deal of white in his hair now, and he went home and sat down, silent, in his chair by the fire.

A week or two later the yard, having changed owners, was opened again. But Michael did not come back to his old place. Michael was dead.

G. E. T.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## COLOURS AND JUDGMENTS.

The question of our place in the world, and of our means of knowing about the world, was tackled, as everybody knows, long ago by the famous Bishop of Cloyne. A most extraordinary philosopher this same Bishop Berkeley must have been. From philosophy to the medicinal virtues of tar-water is a long step; but the good Bishop footed it successfully, all the same, and left behind him an enduring monument of fame, in the shape of his system of thought—if so one may term it—which contains, in my humble opinion, the germ of all truth about ourselves and our knowings. What Berkeley did say and maintain practically amounts to this—that there is and can be no outer world, save what our senses make for us. This is just the common-sense of philosophy in a nutshell. On thinking over this proposition a little, we see its entire justice. For me, the grass is green, as it is for the majority of my fellows; but for my colour-blind neighbour, afflicted with "Daltonism," the grass may be red. Now, colours are only matters of light rays of different lengths, striking on a sensitive nervous curtain—the retina of the eye; and it is clear that my neighbour, who says grass is red, has just precisely the same right to entertain his opinion about the verdure that I myself possess. What is on my side is the consensus of opinion—the verdict of that majority which Matthew Arnold was given to declare was always wrong. All the same, as I cannot exactly tell what greenness appears to anybody else, I am forced to conclude Berkeley was right when he insisted upon the idea that our perceptions really make up our world.

Greenness is a quality which is entirely a human idea, as redness is another, or blueness a third; or, for that matter of it, lavender-scent a fourth, and musk a fifth sensation. There is no such thing as redness, or greenness, or musk-scent, or lavender-smell, *per se*. What we call by these names are merely states of sensation—perception, if you will. You can prove this if you turn the problem round about. A man falls on his head, suffers from concussion of his brain, and ever afterwards is troubled by the consciousness of a disagreeable odour. We know, or at least we may be pretty certain, of the nature of his affliction. Some part of his brain, probably connected with the classification, perception, and analysis of odours, was injured by the fall. Thereupon its functions became deranged. That smell-centre propagated outwards, from itself, sensations which gave to the unfortunate individual all the reality of a nauseous odour. Now, for him, this odour was as real as, say, that of assafoetida would be to you or to me, as the result of sniffing that delectable compound in the chemist's shop. It made up part of the world he knew. Bishop Berkeley was right when he said the outer world was exactly what our senses made it; and, when these senses of ours are in any way perturbed, a very fine world of fancies and delusions indeed you and I may be made to inhabit. If one man sees grass green, and another sees it red, we may be safe in asserting that we assuredly need some common corrective or standard (supplied, as I have said, by common experience), whereby we may know when we arrive at the truth—a philosophical terminus, of the exact nature of which, my metaphysical friends tell me, they stand in as great ignorance as Pilate himself.

Let us dwell for a moment upon this colour question, for it is instructive enough in many ways, besides those wherein it illustrates the Bishop of Cloyne's ideas about our knowledge and the sources thereof. The sun's light, which is white, so called, is made up of rays that exhibit different tendencies

to and properties of refrangibility—that is, the power of being broken up. Made to pass through a prism, we see these properties exhibited. The red rays are least of all refrangible, and, if we take the others in the order of succession from this standpoint, we may enumerate them as orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. Science teaches us some wonderful facts about the rate at which these rays vibrate. While a red ray gives us only 481 billions of vibrations in a second, the violet at the other extreme vibrates 764 billions of times in a second. What the fundamental colours are, is still, I believe, matter of dispute. Leonardo da Vinci thought they were four in number—red, green, yellow, and blue. So also does Hering to-day; but another view sets them down as red, green, and violet.

Now, in relation to the eye, which receives the light-rays and makes for us the colours wherewith the world is clothed, we are told that the retina (or nervous network placed on the back of the eyeball's interior, and into which the optic nerve expands) contains three kinds of structures, which, when stimulated by light-rays, give us sensations of red, green, and violet rays respectively. White light will act on all the retina's elements in similar fashion, but white light is made up, theoretically, of the mingling of so-called "complementary" colours. When, however, light which is perfectly homogeneous stimulates the retina, each of its three elements or structures responds with varying degrees of intensity, and the intensity will correspond with the length of the light-waves. Red light, we are told, having the longest wave-lengths, gives a strong stimulation of the retina's "red" structures, but the green structures are more feebly affected, while the retina's violet elements are only slightly stimulated by the red light. Here the sensation experienced by the observer is that of redness. Green light, with waves of intermediate length, will stimulate the violet and red structures of the retina feebly, and the green elements strongly, giving us thus the sensation of green colour. Violet has the shortest wave-lengths, and, while it stimulates its own elements in the eye forcibly, has no effect on the red or on the green ones. When we see colours which are not red, violet, or green, but are of mixed character, we account for our perceptions simply on the plain idea that the sensations are of mixed character. Yellow, for example, seems to be a sensation caused by the almost equal stimulation of the red and green elements, with a slight stimulation of the other and violet ones.

There is another view of things, which perhaps more directly accords with the Bishop of Cloyne's metaphysics. I have been describing, in the language of the text-books, what colour is or seems to be. So far, we have it laid down that the changes produced in the eye's retina by light-waves of various lengths and mixtures, when propagated inwards to the seeing centres in the brain, give us the perception of colour. But another authority teaches us that what we call colour is much more completely a brain-action than is assumed in this first view of things. Colour, on the second theory, is really a mental perception. It is the brain's translation of purely chemical and physical changes going on in the eye's substance. Under the stimulation of light, as our authority teaches, the eye's sensitive substance is constantly altering. It is either being built up or disintegrated. White light breaks it up; darkness restores it; red and yellow are destructive to the eye's sensitive matter; green and blue are constructive. If these opinions be held to be true, we may judge why the darkness of the night, coincident with rest and repair of body, should also be reparative of the eye and its powers. On this theory, also, we may explain why green and blue are

grateful to tired eyes, while red and yellow are, on the whole, irritating.

But these are physiological questions which we may leave the scientists to settle. That which we have learned, in part at least, is that the world you and I know, is only what our ears, our eyes, our noses, our palates, our skin-nerves, and all our other sense-organs make it. If so, our sources of knowledge are anything but infallible. This is a sharp lesson to some of us, but it is helpful and refreshing as a cold-water douche. When you say "I heard" and "I saw," please to bear in mind you are only translating into plain English, as truthfully as you can, the perceptions that reached your brain-centres. Do not be over-confident about anything. Remember the colour-blind man: and also do not forget that with whist—so with matters of testimony—a trump card carefully kept in hand by your adversary will often spoil all your chances of winning the game.

ANDREW WILSON.

## A SUBMERGED ROMAN CITY IN ISTRIA.

Both Pliny and Decimus Secundinus mention incidentally the Istrian island of Cissa, and, in the ecclesiastical records of the province of Aquileia of the years 579 and 679, two Bishops of Cissa are named. Since then there is no further record of the city of Cissa, and even its site could not be ascertained. In connection with the geological examination between Grado and Pola, some curious investigations have recently been carried on, regarding which Dr. Vincenz Hilber reports in the "Proceedings" of the Austrian Imperial Academy of Sciences and in the "Transactions" of the Geographical Society of Vienna. According to these communications, local fishermen know of a place to the south of the Rovigno Lighthouse where their nets get entangled in submarine walls and bring up fragments of them.

At the beginning of the present year, at the instigation of the harbour captain of Rovigno and Rear-Admiral Hinke, an examination of the place was made by a diver, who subsequently made the following affidavit: "On reaching the bottom I found myself upon remains of overthrown walls, after examining which I arrived at the conclusion that they had been parts of buildings. Being a mason by trade, I was able to make out the layers of mortar. On proceeding along the spot, I observed continuous rows of walls and streets. I could not see doors and window openings, and, in my opinion, these were filled up by gravel, seaweed, and other incrustations. But what I could observe exactly was the existence of a regular sea-wall, upon which I proceeded for a distance of about 100 ft. I could not proceed farther, because the air-pipe and safety rope did not permit of it. Nor could I examine the wall further, on account of the adjoining great depth of water. From my observations I gained the impression that the existing heaps of ruins are the remains of buildings, and formed the opinion that a town had here been submerged by some catastrophe. With the exception of a loose stone, which must have formed part of a wall, I could not bring up any other object, as the masonry is very firmly formed, from which I could not break out anything through want of tools and time."

It appears conclusive that, at the place named, a human habitation, with houses, &c., has been submerged. Dr. Hilber states that a further examination, connected with blasting and the raising of material, is probable. Should these works be carried out, the question may be solved whether those ruins are those of the old Roman city of Cissa or of some other town.

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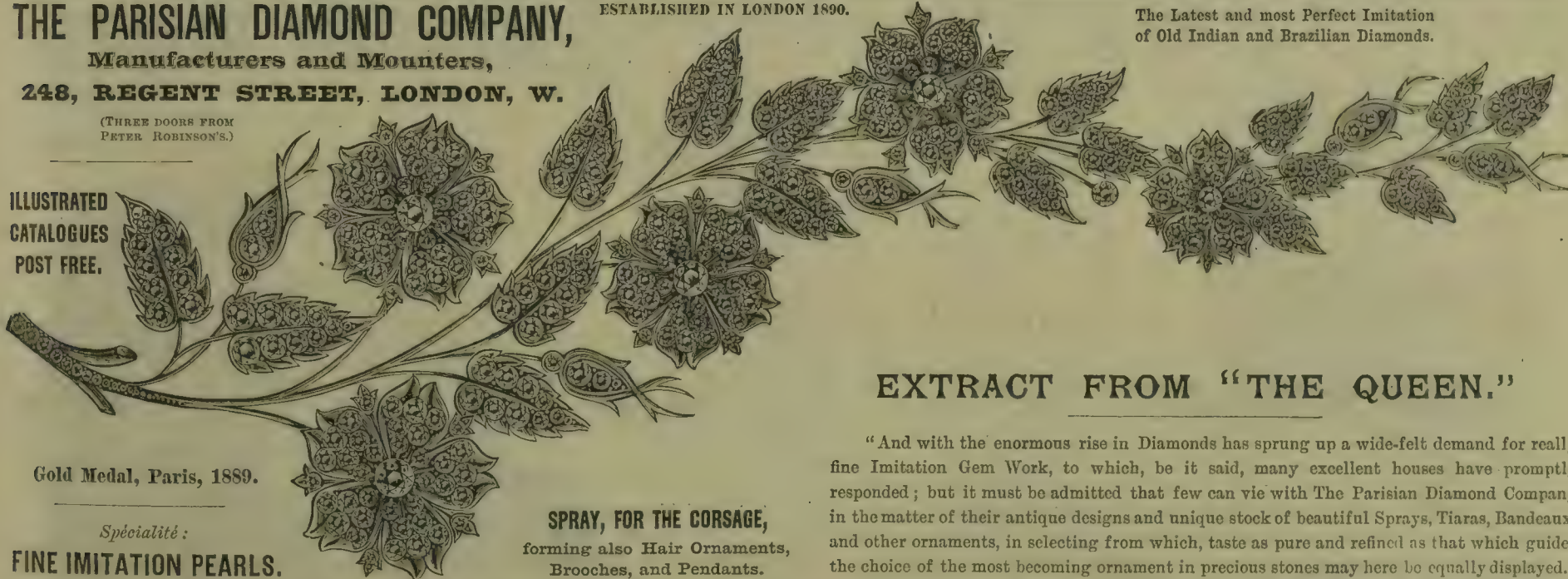
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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Autumn millinery is all being trimmed high at the back. Hats are large and bonnets small, but in the special characteristic of having trimming nodding on the point of the crown they are alike. Ostrich tips are used sometimes, but, as many people will regret to hear, little birds with outstretched wings and beaks in the air are very frequently employed. A little trimming, such as one bird or a single feather and a bow, appears on the front; then a fold or two of ribbon connects this, whether round the brim or over the crown, with the back of the chapeau, and there rise three plumes, or two or three birds or wings, or a series of natty ribbon bows.

I have seen a toque constructed of a handsome hen all complete. She is a pale-brown, almost cream-coloured hen, such as you may meet at any farm-door. Her head, eyes and all, forms a front trimming; and her wings, drawn well out and up, give the necessary shape rising to the back; just at the extreme tip of them a tall, narrow bow of brown ribbon is inserted to fill the space between and to increase the height. I wonder what objection will be made to this idea by sentimental people who cannot bear that winged life should be sacrificed for ornament, but have no scruples about battues for sport or butcheries for the table. When a hen is killed for *potage à la Reine*, is there any objection to her feathers being put on a hat instead of into a striped tick?

Hats have mostly crinkled and irregular shapes; some have broad brims gathered into many folds, but the newest are crinkled all over, there being no distinguishable brim separate from the crown. The foundation of these "plateau" hats is a perfectly flat round piece of fine soft felt, rather larger than a soup-plate. This is folded and pleated to suit the face, and turned up sharply at the back, and caught so with a few stitches; then a roll of velvet, or a torsade of ribbon over stiff muslin, is stitched on underneath, so as to afford a slight support over the hair; but the hat lies as flat as possible, except for the crumpled folds. Bows of ribbon and a bird or two are the usual trimmings placed towards the back of these flat hats.

Contrasts in colour as startling as good taste allows (and, needless to add, often over-passing that line) are used in the new millinery to suit the equally startling contrasts often seen between the yoke and sleeves and the main portion of the gown. A grey felt hat was trimmed with canary-yellow velvet and a green bird. A white felt with ornamentation of golden-brown ribbon bows and bright grass-green wings was another combination.

It is still a great object with dressmakers just now to conceal the fastening of a gown. The fashion is very inconvenient for ladies who do not keep lady's-maids, and for that reason the fashion should not be given in to by people in that condition of life. Such a bodice does up under the arm, where it is awkward for the wearer to fasten it herself; then round the armhole, which is very tiresome; and along the seam of the shoulder, which it is simply impossible for the wearer to hook. The more she stretches her right arm up to get to the aggravating shoulder fastenings, the more she necessarily, by the same action, drags them away from her over her back. Thus the assistance of somebody else to put in those hooks is imperative. Corset bodices may, however, be laced down the front. All dresses that fasten irregularly across the figure, or that have many folds, should be made with a plain tight-fitting lining to hook straight down the front in the first place; as this holds the bodice in its proper position, one or two hooks suffice to catch the loose and irregular folds over to the place where they ought to be fixed.

A new idea here, though long popular in America, is "the Rummage Bazaar." In every house there accumulate things too good to throw away, but of no immediate or probable use to their owner. They fill up box-rooms and attics, and moulder away uselessly. Perhaps next door those very articles might come into immediate service, most usefully. It is the same with clothing. Warm jackets and dresses that will cut up would be gladly bought for a trifle by poor mothers, when they have gone out of fashion or otherwise ceased to please their original owners. Well, all these sort of things are turned out into "the rummage sale," given for sale by their owners, and priced at a cheap rate. I am told that it is wonderful how the articles will go off, especially if the working people of a village—people above receiving charity and yet anxious not to waste money—are induced to come to the sale. It is, of course, a specially suitable kind of bazaar for small villages or friendly Church circles, as people would not care to buy some things without knowing that they had come from nice homes. I have heard of large objects, such as a bedstead, a gas-stove, and a travelling-box, and, on the other hand, waste trifles, down to a door-lock and a chipped jug, all being sold off at an American "rummage sale." Entertainments of some simple sort, and very often a "tea party," are provided, as well as the sale, to attract buyers, and it is important that there be no importunity to purchase allowed on the part of the sellers.

Mr. J. G. Fitch, one of her Majesty's Senior Inspectors of Schools, contributed to the August number of the *Contemporary Review* an interesting and valuable *résumé* of the progress of female education at the Universities during the past quarter of a century. He tells how attempts were made at first to institute special courses and examinations for women, and how they refused to take advantage of them, probably in part because of the suspicion, just or unjust, that those courses were made specially easy. With a just prescience, or "with an unexpected perversity," the women who presented themselves for examination were found to be seeking distinction in the ordinary subjects of a liberal education, and not in those alternative subjects which had been offered to them as specially feminine. The course of throwing open all degrees and examinations, and honours and prizes, was therefore adopted by the University of London, and has worked well. But Mr. Fitch points out two ways in which the older Universities have continued to this day to refuse equal treatment to women with men. They will not admit women to the ordinary degree examination, on the singular plea that it is not severe enough: "It is undesirable to encourage women to come up to the University at all unless they are prepared to read for honours." But, as Mr. Fitch points out, the ordinary degree ought to serve to indicate a fair standard of learning for an ordinary average student; and, if it does not do this, it should be elevated. But it is absurd to jump from the one extreme of denying women any faculty for learning to the opposite one of compelling all who go in for University study to take honours examinations, while "the superior sex" may get a degree for an easier test.

There has doubtless been good brought out of evil in this regulation in one way. It has confined the women's colleges to such inmates as may hope to gain special distinctions, and so has helped to win the extraordinary record of high honours which now adorns those colleges. Mr. Fitch observes that seven honours would be considered a remarkable record for one of the largest men's colleges, and it has been secured this year by Girton with only 110 students in training. But then comes the other drawback into view—that women, however distinguished the place they secure in the examinations, are

refused the prizes that they win. "If Miss Fawcett or Miss Alford had a brother who attained the same position he would probably have secured the Smith's prize or the Chancellor's medal." Mr. Fitch does not see the justice of this exclusion, and pleads generously for fairer treatment. The article is a notable contribution to the prosperous cause of women's higher education.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The Archbishop of York, who was to have preached at a harvest festival on Sept. 23 at South Cliff, Scarborough, was unable to do so on account of illness.

The Duke of Cambridge, K.G., has accepted the presidency of the Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society, Baron Von Pawel-Rammigen, K.C.B., resigning owing to continued absence abroad, and becoming one of the vice-presidents of the society instead.

The Librarians of the United Kingdom concluded their session, at Reading, on Sept. 20, when an excursion was made up the river to the Abbey Church at Dorchester. A visit was afterwards paid to the castle at Wallingford. The council of the association have resolved that the next meeting shall be at Bristol.

A day and night attack upon the fortifications at the entrance to the Thames and Medway has been conducted by a naval force commanded by Captain Keppel, a vigorous defence being maintained by Colonel Sorell and Colonel Hezlet. The operations were designed rather as practice than as a trial of skill with a view to gaining a victory.

The winter season at the Whitechapel centre of the University Extension Society, held at Toynbee Hall, was opened on Sept. 20 with an address by the Rev. S. A. Barnett, who treated the social question as an educational one, and expressed the belief that the University of the future would not be merely a University, but a club.

The valuable musical library of the late Mr. James Windsor, of Bath, has been bequeathed by his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Windsor, to the Royal College of Music, and has just been delivered there through the intervention of Sir Rutherford Alcock, Miss Windsor's brother-in-law. The library contains a large collection of operas, scores, cathedral music, and historical and theoretical works, with autographs of Sir Henry Bishop and others.

The Bishop of Salisbury, on Sept. 22, opened the last of five schools started in that city by the voluntary effort of members of the Church for the purpose of imparting elementary education. It was in consequence of the decision of the School Board not to supply the educational deficiency which existed until voluntary resources were exhausted that the effort was made. The Bishop expressed a hope that the outcome of it would be divested of religious differences, and a prominent Nonconformist of the city joined with him in recognising the importance of elementary education.

In the presence of an influential assembly of the clergy and laity of the diocese of Oxford, a presentation was made on Sept. 22, at Reading, to the Ven. Archdeacon Pott, of Berks, in recognition of his services and esteem for his personal character, the presentation taking the form of a portrait of himself in oils by Mr. Richmond, R.A. The Bishop of Oxford, in making the presentation, said it was to mark the completion of the twenty-first year of holding office of the Archdeacon of Berks. The Bishop said he realised fully the immense advantage of having in the diocese such an adviser and helper.

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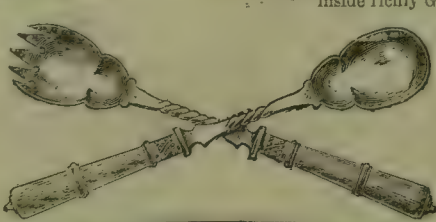
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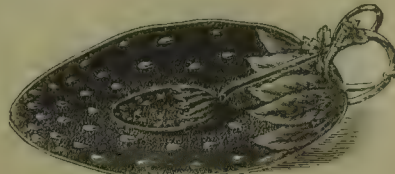
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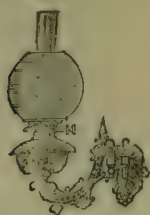


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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1889) of Mr. David de Pass, late of 135, Westbourne-terrace, Paddington, who died on July 25 last, was proved on Sept. 15 by Alfred Hyam de Pass, Charles Benjamin de Pass, and Horatio Aaron de Pass, the sons, and Frederick Harvey Harvey-Samuel, four of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £139,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Spanish and Portuguese Jews' Synagogues, Bevis Marks and Bryanston-street West; 20 guineas each to the Board of Guardians for the poor of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews' Synagogue (Bevis Marks), the Gates of Hope Schools (Heneage-street, Bevis Marks); the National and Infant Schools (Heneage-street), the Spanish and Portuguese Jews' Hospital called Beth Holim (Mile End-road), the Board of Guardians for the Relief of the Jewish Poor (Devonshire-square, Bishopsgate), the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum (Lower Norwood), and the Spanish and Portuguese Jews' Orphan Society (Howley-place, Paddington); 10 guineas each to several other Jewish charities and also to the Metropolitan Hospital (Kingsland-road) and to St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington); £400, and his pictures, books, plate, jewellery, furniture, household goods and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Alice de Pass; his residence in Westbourne-terrace to his wife, for life; £1600 per annum to his wife, for life, in addition to her interest under their marriage settlement and to any moneys standing in her name or in their joint names; £10,000, and a further sum of £5000, on the death of his wife, upon trust, for his daughter Jeannette Rachel; and 50 guineas to his executor Mr. Harvey-Samuel. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fifth, upon trust, for each of his sons,

Alfred Hyam, John Jacob, Charles Benjamin, Horatio Aaron, and George Simon.

The will (dated Jan. 15, 1887), with a codicil (dated March 2 following), of General Edward Stopford Claremont, C.B., late of 4, Gloucester-street, Portman-square, who died on July 16 last, at 122, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, was proved on Sept. 11 by Lieutenant-Colonel George William Frederick Claremont and Harry Alexander Claremont, the sons, and Horatio Noble Pym, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator bequeaths the jewels given to him by Mrs. Yolande Marie Louise Lyne-Stephens to her; and leaves the remainder of his property, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Frances Charlotte Claremont, for life. At her death he gives to his eldest son, George William Frederick, his house in Gloucester-street, with the furniture and effects, including his orders; but excepting the portrait of Mrs. Lyne-Stephens, which is to go to the owner of Grove House, Roehampton, to be kept there as an heirloom. The ultimate residue is to be held, upon trust, for his surviving children, except Mrs. Annie Charlotte Thorold, "not from any want of affection, but because she does not want it."

The will (dated Sept. 21, 1883) of Alfred Waddilove, D.C.L., barrister-at-law, formerly an advocate in Doctors' Commons, late of Longcot Lodge, Bedford-park, Acton, who died on July 8 last, was proved on Sept. 13 by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Campbell Waddilove, the widow, Edward Waddilove, the nephew, and Albert Edward Fisher, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects, ready money, and money at banker's to his wife; an annuity of £60 to Matilda Jones; £50 each to his executors, Mr. E. Waddilove and Mr. Fisher; and his family bible, lawbooks,

and manuscripts to his great-nephew, Edward Waddilove. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; and at her death, as to one moiety, as she shall appoint, and, as to the other moiety, between his nephews, Edward, Cyrus, and Granville Waddilove, and his niece, Lavinia Waddilove, share and share alike.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1889), with a codicil (dated Dec. 17, 1889), of Sir William Charles Hoffmeister, M.D., Surgeon to the Queen at Osborne, late of West Cowes, Isle of Wight, who died on July 29 last, was proved on Sept. 12 by John Bates Hoffmeister and George Bernard Hoffmeister, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £7000. The testator makes various bequests to his children, including in his gifts to his son George Bernard his medical library and the chair given to him by the Queen. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his daughters, Jessie, Florence, and Constance Hoffmeister, and Mrs. Georgiana Kilderbee Ricketts.

The will and two codicils of Mr. William Robert Hawkes, late of Faulkners, near Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire, who died on July 27 last, were proved on Sept. 3 by Frederick Jones Nash and Arthur Woodham Nash, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £14,000.

The will of Mrs. Selina Jane Antrobus, late of 45, Brompton-crescent, who died on July 17 last, was proved on Sept. 8 by Reginald Laurence Antrobus, the husband, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £7000.

The will and codicil of Lady Dorcas Juliana Fanny Chichester, late of 100, Park-street, Grosvenor-square, who died on March 6 last, were proved on Sept. 2 by Lord Adolphus John Spencer Churchill-Chichester, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £5000.

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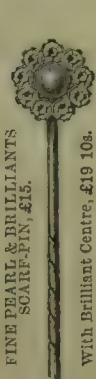
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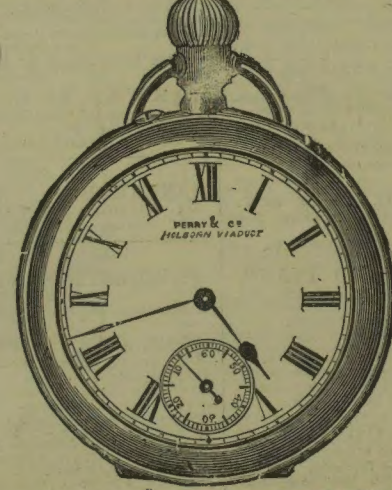
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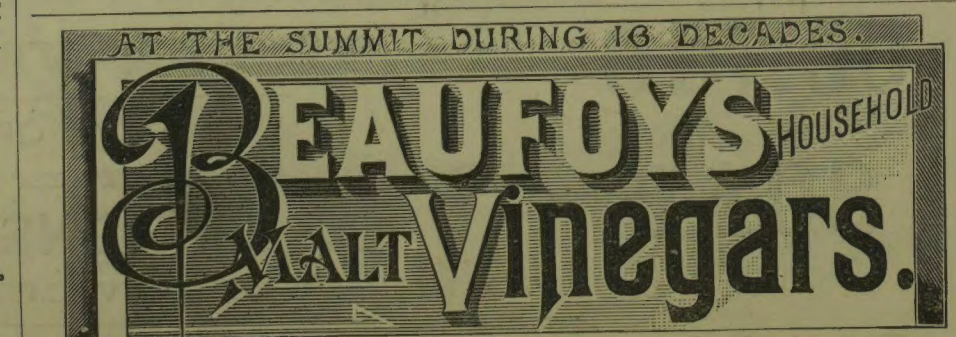
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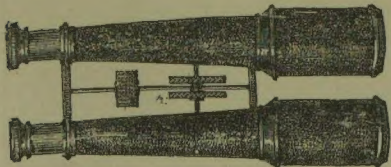
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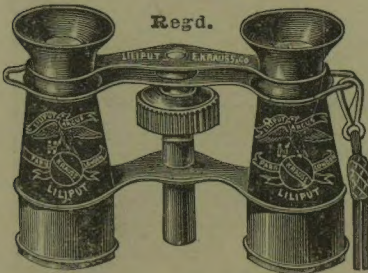
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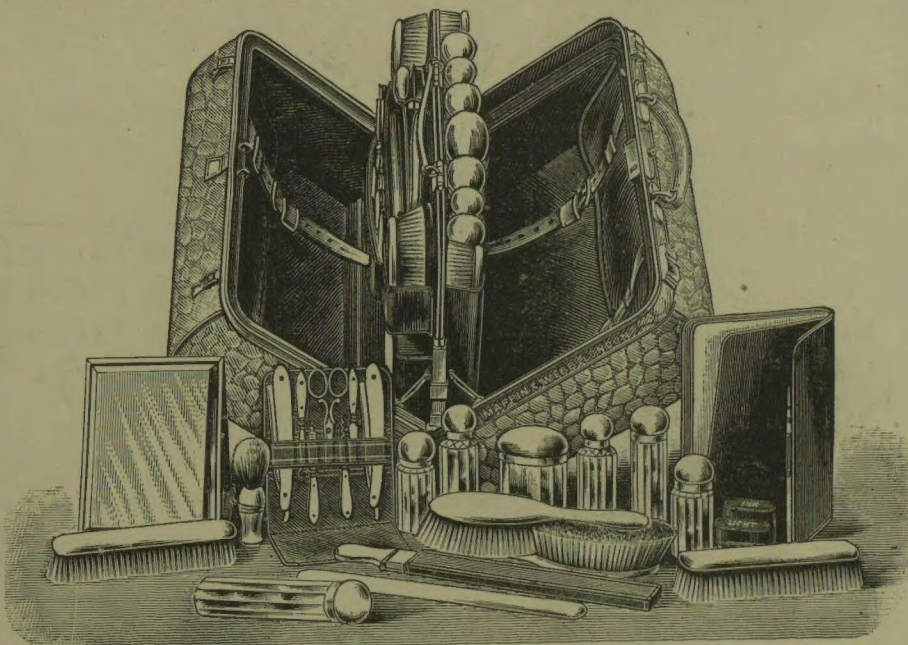
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